PAGE MISSING

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WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

or,

The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

A BURIAL OF STATE.

A solemn and august funeral was this of another Danvers, with velvet pall and costly housings. Aloof from the poor still!

The glittering equipages that turn off one by one, blocking Fifth avenue for whole squares; and the matchless steeds, that seem to have put aside their fire and frolic for the hour, and of their own accord to have taken the slow, decorous pace at which they go, proclaim, as though a herald were crying out with each breath, "Behold our dead! Behold our dead! With what cost and parade we go, even to the grave!"

The embalmed body in its metal case will defy corruption for ages, even now. So, out of the way, you are far more perishing to-day, with all your quickened senses of thought and suffering, than she who lies so cold and passive within! Stand back, with uncovered heads, and let us pass!

There are solemn faces in those carriages, too, for the waving plumes nod back at the young and gay, alike with the aged and infirm; nod back at one and all, and declare in tones that none can doubt, "You, too, must go this way." And, make use of it in your philosophy, cynics, many of those living, who have envied, and hated, and maligned, go draped in sombre hues, with handkerchiefs to their faces, to see that Margaret Danvers' coffin is set away properly in its niche!

No coarse, vulgar rattling of the clods, thank heaven! as though she were of common clay; but all in solemn, stately silence and grandeur to the last.

One carriage stood quite aloof from the rest, and curious eyes were turned toward it, to note if, perchance, Philip Danvers might forget his haughty, guarded dignity for one moment in a burst of nature's emotion, as he remembered how, in the long years that had passed, he had seen the dear and treasured idols of his household brought out, one by one, to go no more back, until this last had left him solitary and alone. Miriam Danvers might have turned in her grave with a thrill of the old grand triumph had she seen him now, for no one would have regarded the fair young beauty who sat beside him as having any nearer part in this solemn pageant than themselves.

There was, it is true, a hushed and stricken expression in Violet Lowe's blue eyes, but she disdained to express any greater grief than she felt for the kind old lady so recently known to her, and so soon lost. And so her dress was the strongest indication of bereavement that she offered to that great, gaping throng. She even looked out on the crowd, glancing with lazy indifference from face to face, until one might have wondered what object of momentary interest had met her eye, as it emitted a sudden flash, for there was only a long line of bowed heads as the coffin was borne into the vault and the priest in his robes chanted unctuously the burial service. Others may not have observed, but Violet had, that Mrs. Manning and St. Julian were in front of the throng; and as she observed the extreme pallor of the latter, she looked again, with deeper interest, thinking he must have been ill, as indeed he had, having been confined to his bed for three whole days.

A motley crowd had collected on the outskirts of the licensed body of lookers on. But the insolent favorites of fortune began to look at each other with elated brows, as a faded, shabby-looking man forced his way, by slow but steady degrees, into the immediate vicinity of the vault. His head was still covered, too, his hat being drawn down over his brows; but he was otherwise decorous in demeanor, except that he stared strangely about him from time to time, as though afraid of something of which the rest thought not. But reminded by the touch of a policeman that he was venturing beyond his element, he shrank hurriedly back; and no one regarded him again, except as they might have done the trees around, or the stones upon which they trod. No one except the mother of St. Julian Manning, who, drawn at last by the irresistible fascination of the dark, glittering eyes that had been fastened for some moments, with a wild, incredulous stare, upon her face, turned and caught his gaze.

Instantly so ghastly a whiteness overspread her whole countenance, and she trembled so violently, that her son, imagining her overcome by the solemn services, and fearing she might fall, drew her arm tightly through his own, while she hastily pulled her long black veil about her face.

St. Julian, looking up, also, for an instant, caught the fixed glance of the strange man fastened upon them, and gave a quick start, under the impression that he had already some not very pleasing recollections of the individual, but he could not recall how or where; and soon, looking across to the face in the carriage, forgot the presence of the shabby stranger altogether.

The man, meantime, had gone back slowly to the rear of the carriages that had brought the Danvers' servants, when taking a pencil and a slip of paper from his pocket, he placed the latter on the empty seat of the footman, and wrote:

"You recognize me, I see, as I do you; though I should not have been so fortunate, but for the young man, who is I am sure your son. Twenty years it seems of horrible prison drudgery have not been sufficient to destroy my identity, as I had hoped they would. I grieve to see how they have changed you. May we not each forgot and forgive much? I must see you at an early date; must exchange confidences with you, and be assured once more from your lips of the fate of my unhappy child, ere the return of him whose heart death alone can soften towards me. You, too, have been passing under a false name. You and your son are enjoying the favor of the man who of all the world, might have the most reason to mistrust and turn from you. Knowing this, you dare not refuse me; for you will see that I have every opportunity of taking your son into my confidence, and imparting to him, as well as to others, the true history of his father's life—of the outlaw whom you once called husband. I hand you my pencil, you can write a line on the back of this and drop it out to me, when your carriage leaves the regular train. I shall follow you, and will be in readiness to receive it.

"YOU KNOW WHO."

When the man moved out again, the crowd was beginning to disperse. The front carriages had turned their horses heads homeward. St. Julian was assisting his mother into hers, when she dropped her prayer-book. The stranger had picked it up in an instant, slipped the crumpled note between the pages, and was handing it back to her, ere her son could quite make out that anything requiring his attention had occurred. He looked down on the officious individual with a glance of rebuke, bowed coldly, and getting in, closed the door after him. The driver touched his reins, and the horses started of in pursuit of the rest, not so rapidly, however, but that the shabby man kept within a very few yards of the wheels.

"A grand funeral we have had to-day," he remarked to a man, who was likewise a pedestrian; a rather corpulent, but commonplace, individual like himself, who seemed fatigued in the ascent of the hill they were climbing.

"Grand, indeed," returned the man, as though envious even of that distinction. "I say, stranger, doesn't it strike you that you and I could turn out of our wooden boxes, much more conveniently, into the hands of the evil one, than such dainty ladies and gentlemen could be plucked, with the devil's pitchfork, from those velvet-lined, silver-mounted cases in which their precious bodies are locked so securely away?"

"I don't know," returned the first speaker, evidently not relishing the idea. "They are put away securely, indeed. But, if all they tell us be true, thank heaven, the blast of the last trumpet will throw open the gates of their grand mausoleums as wide as the mouth of this humble, hillside grave; and neither silver-mountings nor velvet shall save them from the fires of hell. Yet it has been some time since you saw the like of this, has it not?"

"Some six or eight years since the last of the young race, the brave and good Eugene Danvers who laid away there. He was a friend to the poor. But his wife, oh! what a high, haughty dame she was! And they do say she had risen from nothing, too. She would scorn a beggar with cruel disdain, telling them they ought to suffer if they couldn't get along in this world by hook or by crook."

The countenance of the unknown had undergone many changes while his companion spoke, and his voice was husky as he replied:

"This Miriam Danvers, the wife of young Eugene, was not a popular woman then?"

"Popular! I should think not! Unless, indeed, with her husband, whom she fooled to the last, and the men whom she took the trouble to flatter. I have heard it hinted that she and this old millionaire did not like each other better than father and daughter-in-law ought to do, and that somehow it seemed a bitter pill at the last when she was placed in the old vault, though she was his son's wife. But speaking of that vault being opened, reminds me of how some desperate burglars forced all those locks, and made their way in the very night Miriam Danvers was buried."

"I heard something of that," replied the unknown, in a scarcely audible tone. "What was their supposed object?"

"Why, only robbery, of course," returned the other, with evident relish at the thought of repeating the old story which he had restated a thousand times before with fine effect. "Those men had actually forced their way into the presence of the dead one hour after midnight—one of the blackest nights, too, that had ever come—when a policeman, who chanced to hear them whispering by the vault here, gave the alarm, and bringing in some of his fellow limbs of the law, came upon them before they could finish their horrible design."

"And what could they have expected to find in a vault?"

"Well, it was rumored that this Miriam Danvers, envious and avaricious to the last, had besought her husband that she might be buried in some costly jewels—a great ring and a diamond cross that had long been in the family. She couldn't bear the thought, I suppose, that some other pretty woman might rejoice in them when she was gone. And they did say—for I was sparking a girl in the Danvers' service at the time—that she had made the pillow for her coffin with her own hands, and that she had stuffed it with gold, and jewels, and valuable papers that were worth a mint of money in themselves. Now this same girl of whom I tell you, hinted to me that she peeped through the key-hole one night, as she sometimes did, and saw the lady, who was not thought to be in her right mind, take the papers from a hidden casket, that she had always said must be buried with her, and sew them into this very pillow, while she laughed a cruel laugh. I never knew about this last part of the story, for Mary did tell some rather incredible things for one of my different belief, but the ring and the cross every one saw that was high enough to look at her. And it was those two things the robbers wanted."

"Well, they did not succeed, and the men were taken, you say?"

"Yes; or, that is, one of them was shot down dead at the door—I could have shown you the very spot where he fell—another escaped in the darkness, while only one was brought to trial and punished with a long imprisonment."

"And who was this man?" asked the shabby stranger, eagerly.

"He gave in his name as Robinson, I think, but the police could find out nothing about him; and, of course, the great Danvers family had no idea—for what should they know of robbers. But Mary always declared to me that she believed a dark, morose-looking brother of a sort of housekeeper of theirs, who used to sneak in at odd hours of the night to see her, had a hand in the deed, for she never saw him afterwards."

"A *brother* of Mrs. Manning!" cried the stranger, so sharply, that his companion turned to look at him in astonishment. "She had no brother!"

"And that is all you know about it," returned the other disdainfully. "I saw him myself on one occasion when I walked with Mary home from a dance, so I happen to know that he was not a myth."

"What was he like—this brother I mean—when you saw him?"

"Like! The devil, more than anything else I can think of at this time. He was tall and dark, and muffled in a long cloak."

"It was he," muttered the stranger wrathfully. "But, oh, could he, dared he carry his hatred to such length that he would desecrate her grave!"

"See! how you talk!" pursued his informant, scornfully. "Asserting with one breath that she had no brother, and hinting with the next that none knew him so well as you. Come, my friend, confess that you are claiming to be deep into the mysteries of these great folk, while you know nothing about them?"

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, hurriedly. "I, like yourself, have heard some old stories. But you are tired, I see, and as I have business ahead, I will bid you good-day."

So saying, he quickened his pace until it would have been next to impossible for his plethoric companion to keep up with him, and darted off along the dusty road, keeping within a few paces of a carriage with white horses, that he had kept steadily in view.

He struck into the foot-path on the right of the road, and tramped steadily on in full view of the window, in utter disregard of the clouds of dust that swelled upward from the innumerable wheels that rattled onward as far as the eye could reach. He kept his pace thus until the long line began to break as they entered the regular streets, and the white horses turned into a thoroughfare alone. Then he ran rapidly, until he had placed himself in advance of the carriage windows, when he paused and looked up.

St. Julian Manning, glancing out at the moment, again caught sight of the ill-looking stranger who seemed so persistently following them.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, sternly, "who is that ill-looking fellow there? He has been favoring us with unusual attention. I have half a mind to get out and ask his motive."

"For heaven's sake, my son, be quiet," she faltered, seizing him nervously by the arm. "Don't look at the wretched creature. His hands are already stained with heinous crimes. Bid the driver go on rapidly. Only let me get home once more!"

"Why, mother! what is this?" exclaimed her son, in unfeigned surprise. "Who is this man, in heaven's name; and what power has he, ill-conditioned as he is, to move you thus? I have a *right* to know. Only tell me, and I will take care that he disturbs you no more."

"Oh! St. Julian, he is nothing to me," she said, with a half moan. "It is bitterly true that I have seen him before. He was an enemy of your unfortunate father—of my own, I mean," she added, hastily correcting herself, "whom I had believed, and, ah! God forgive the thought, had hoped was dead. Even now he has the power to injure you and me beyond reparation. Ah! let us go on."

"Mother," faltered the young man, growing suddenly very white, while he laid his hand beseechingly upon her own, "tell me this, for seeing you so moved a horrible thought has come over me. This man is not my father?"

"Just heaven, no!" she returned, devoutly, "Unfortunate as we have been, this man is tenfold more deeply——but ask me nothing now. Only take me home, if you would have me reach it alive."

"But, mother! dear mother!" cried St. Julian; "if he is nothing to you, let me see the villain and chastise him into the conviction that he cannot annoy you thus in the presence of your son. I should blush for my manhood if——"

"St. Julian, it is your mother who commands you!" she said, in a tone that, man as he was, he had never dared to disobey. "Not another word; only give an order to the driver to hasten forward," and as the young man leaned out to comply, frowning darkly meanwhile upon the object of his wrath, she passed her hand out quickly to the driver, and dropped a folded scrap of paper into the street just as the horses started off.

The stranger, hurrying to gain possession of the crumpled bit of paper, unfolded it with trembling hands and read:

"You have been imprisoned for one *murder*. Have you forgotten that *I saw* George Danvers fall, and that my evidence could therefore have you *hung for another*! A man who could strangle his own wife, could have no honest regard for her child. Dead or alive, he is better out of your hands, as you must see. Talk of your innocence to those whom you may still be able to dupe with that of Caspar Lenox, to Philip Danvers, and thus enable him to discover the betrayer of his house's honor, the murderer of his niece and brother, in the released convict Arnold Leslie. You see that I am not afraid to write so much of our histories here. Deliberate then; and if you dare, come to me to-morrow at twelve o'clock, when my son is away. Above all, beware of encompassing him again, after following us as you have done.

"MAUDE MANNING."

"Bah!" exclaimed the reader, folding the note again and putting it in his pocket, "the weakest of woman's threats! To threaten me with the revelation of a crime she has kept secret these twenty years! Yet a crime of which she and this Danvers' household firmly believe me guilty, though heaven, that will judge me at last, knows me to be as innocent as they themselves. What a strange thing is life. That because a man may once put himself out of the narrow path of rectitude he is henceforth to be adjudged guilty of any and every crime that accident or malignity may lay to his charge! I had thought myself a repentant man; accepting my chastisement as a part of heaven's anger for my actual sins, that were weighty enough, heaven knows! An angel could scarcely have resisted the spell of Miriam Roscoe's fatal charms. In loving her alone, though she tricked me, as she did the rest, with vague promises, that she might have my money to spend, am I guilty? And the thought that poor Leonora's child may yet be alive has encouraged me to resist all promptings of revenge heretofore; but if the infant died, as Lenox at first stated, then I know, as I recover from the terrors of imprisonment, and awake once more to the passions and impulses of life, that I would freely sacrifice the remainder of my useless existence could I set my feet upon the heart of Caspar Lenox, and crush out the heart that has only returned me evil despite all the good I did him in his youth!"

CHAPTER XLV.

WON OVER.

St. Julian Manning lifted his mother from the carriage more dead than alive, and passing an arm about her led her up the steps and into the house.

When she had thrown herself, white and almost fainting, upon a seat, he quickly poured out a glass of stimulants, and held it to her lips. She swallowed it with a choking effort, and when she had rested a while with closed eyes the color began slowly to return to her wan face.

St. Julian had been sitting before her

ith his head bowed upon his breast, ntil she extended her thin, wasted hand ith an almost timid, but, oh! such a ond, caressing touch, and rested it upon is dark, rippling curls.

"Mother," he said, at last, as he still ooked down, "have you no confidence o bestow upon me even here? Could ou derive no comfort from my sympa- y or protection from my counsel?"

"None; at least none as yet, St. Ju- n," she returned, hastily. "The time ay come, my son, when you must now all, and in the meantime you can nly trust to your mother. Believe me, e secret that I withhold from you is othing that I could have remedied, or, aven knows, I would gladly have done with my life!"

"But you may at least answer me one nestion," he persisted; "a question hich, coming from me, must demand answer. Would a knowledge of the ecret of which you speak in any way ffect our honor?"

"If it were known, yes; though we re innocent of offence in the eyes of od. But, St. Julian, my son, every nestion you ask is a dagger to my eart. Will you not then dismiss the ubject?"

"One word more and I am done," he eplied. "I have been persuaded for a ng while that my father is not dead," nd as he spoke he saw a shudder, that eemed almost like death, passing over er, "and that he has deserted you from me unworthiness of his own; and that ecently some new dread has been pur- ing you any one might have been qually convinced who would have atched you as I have done. I see by our great agitation that I am correct, nd, oh! mother, I——"

He broke off hastily and caught her n his arms, for she had fainted now in ood earnest. St. Julian bore her in his reat alarm to her chamber, and bent ver her in an agony of grief. Her head as pillowed upon his breast when con- ciousness returned, and kissing her ten- orly he vowed to protect her with his fe, and that she should never know a re again if he could prevent it.

It was only when he beheld her mov- g about the house and seemingly her- elf once more that he ventured to leave er for a while, and found his way to hilip Danvers' house.

His step was less resolute as he went ; for, apart from the recent bereave- ent that had left its shadow there, he ad a strongly-defined impression that hilip Danvers would no longer receive im with the confidence of old; that he ight even look upon his visit this even- g in the light of an intrusion, though e had been coming here every day for e past year. He knocked as usual at e door of the library, but receiving no swer, and supposing it to be unoccu- ed, he pushed it open and went in. e found Mr. Danvers standing in the iddle of the floor, and Violet Lowe, e tears glistening like diamonds on r long lashes, with her arms about s neck. St. Julian, abashed, was about withdraw, when his employer beckoned m in.

"I came, sir," he faltered, "in the int hope that there might be some sistance that I could render; something night do for you to express, however intly, the regard I have felt for you in days that I have been absent."

Mrs. Manning had informed him of r son's illness, and both could per- ive from his altered appearance that it as no slight indisposition that had kept m away.

"Thank you, St. Julian," Mr. Man- ng returned, in a tone of mingled pity d sadness, "*you* are still far from well, see, and as my little niece here has ndly offered to bear me company for s evening I will not detain you."

Despite the kindliness of tone there as evidently the shadow of mistrust, rker than of old, in his manner, and . Julian had turned sadly back, when heard a light step behind him, and olet Lowe came out.

"Mr. Manning," she said, "I was de to you a few evenings ago, very de and unladylike, and I ask your rdon. I hope we may be friends while u continue to come here. I have heard e story about—about that affair in nich so many of you are involved, and vish to tell you, if it can be any con- ation, that I will ever believe in your nocence. I don't know the young man o has gone to India; but, as I have st assured my uncle, I believe *you* to as innocent as he or I. I don't want u to thank me—nay, I will not listen you—but I want you to feel that I am pable of doing you justice."

She held out her hand to him, and he ok it in bewildering confusion, eagerly siring to bless her and to offer an mble apology for his mad presumption the night to which she had referred, t, before he could frame a single co- rent phrase, she had re-entered the rary, and left him alone.

And St. Julian returned home, feeling re than ever like some one in a ter- le nightmare. But he had left a sub- ed happiness in the bereaved house en he was gone, for pretty Violet had nd her way to the proud heart of the itary old man.

Her not readily impressible feelings d been touched by the solemnities of ath—always a shuddering terror to the ung. And on their return she had ard Mrs. Leslie's kind invitation to company her daughter home for a few ys with a secret longing to accept, for e felt a dread of the cold and stately endors about them. But a glance at ilip Danvers, as his uncovered white ad passed through the doorway, de- ed her that she could not leave him ne.

Remaining then, as we have said, with uch of the really affected worldliness her own nature subdued or in abey- ce, and feeling an insupportable dread the quiet room upstairs, where death d so lately reigned in ghastly majesty, e crept down to the library door, won- ring if the young secretary was there, d wishing she might go in, a welcome itor to them both. While standing re, irresolute, a moan of such concen- ted agony fell upon her ear, that she ickly pushed open the door, in alarm the thought that Mr. Danvers must be ne and ill.

He was occupying his accustomed air at his cabinet, but his hands were nched tightly in his white hair, and s bosom seemed rent with the choking s that escaped his lips. His pride of th and place all gone at last; a lonely, aken old man, weeping in the midst a display of wealth that the poor ght have deemed sufficient to still ery ache of the heart forever.

"Dear, dear uncle!" cried the girl, all r own reserve swept away as by a od, "take *me* to your heart, and let me love you. I will be a daughter to you in your old age."

And the lonely man had drawn her to his breast, sobbing out broken words, as he kissed the young and beautiful face that looked up so tenderly into his.

Thus St. Julian Manning had found them; and, with feeling thus awakened, she returned when he was gone, and sat by Philip Danvers' side, while the portrait of her once gay and handsome young kinsman, Eugene, smiled down at them from the wall. He was speaking to her of him now, for the first time since she had been in the house. And at a pause in the conversation Violet looked up at the portrait, and replied, in a subdued tone:

"But he was so true, uncle, and so brave and generous, that you should not murmur because heaven saw fit to take him away when his heart was blighted and his bright face saddened with care."

"But sometimes, my child, the bitter thought comes to me that he *might* have been spared that, too."

She could say nothing to this, and was silent for a moment.

"He was your only child, I think?" she questioned again.

"No," replied Mr. Danvers, in a choking voice, "there was another."

"Another!" repeated Violet, in some surprise. "I thought—I was sure Aunt Margaret told me that he was her only child."

"He was."

"And your other wife—Aunt Eva, I believe?"

"Lived only a little more than a year. And she, too, left a son."

"Who followed her to the grave, of course?"

The shadow of that old trouble passed over Philip Danvers' face, as he replied:

"The child was delicate, and was put out to nurse, while I went abroad to forget my troubles, and—yes, he *died*," he added, in a hollow tone.

"Would that *he* were living now!" in the tender sympathy of this new-born confidence; "though I should never have seen you, then. How long was that before you married Aunt Margaret?"

"Five years."

"And then cousin Eugene was born. And do you know, uncle, I have often thought that his portrait reminds me of your secretary, Mr. Manning."

"The general comment of my friends," said Mr. Danvers, with a pang, "and for that reason I have always loved the lad. But it grows late, my dear, and you had better summon Annette to take you to your room. I, too, must rest, for I am exhausted, body and mind."

And long after Violet had repaired to her chamber and fallen asleep, Philip Danvers tossed upon his pillow of unrest, murmuring:

"Oh, my God! spare me, and forgive at last all the sins of my own misguided youth! How readily would I go to sleep with the confessed members of my house, in the old vault, could I feel assured that the child had died indeed before the vicious example of those corrupt women could have degraded his moral nature!"

Ah! Philip Danvers. It is mercy veiling your eyes to-night, that you might not look upon the son so long lost, but to be found again, only when death is claiming him for his own!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CURE FOR RINGWORM.—A simple and harmless application, said unfailingly to cure this troublesome eruption, is found by washing with a solution made from the root of the common narrow-leafed dock, which belongs to the botanical genus *Rumex*. Use vinegar as the solvent.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known effectually to cure the ailment.

TO POLISH TINS.—First rub them with a damp cloth; then take dry flour and rub it on them with your hands; afterwards take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent in rubbing them with brick-dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

A TABLESPOONFUL of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslin from running, and does not harden the water. A little gum arabic imparts gloss to ordinary starch.

IN PAPERING A ROOM, avoid that kind of paper that is ornamented with a variety of colors, or a large, showy figure upon it, as no furniture will appear to good advantage with it. Large-figured paper makes a room look smaller.

NOSE BLEED.—Place the feet in water as hot as you can bear it, and bathe the limbs well up to the knees; wet a cloth in cold water and place on the head. This will cause a reaction of the blood; we have never known it to fail. Another: Take a silver dime and brighten it up. Then lay it under the tongue, and the bleeding will stop in from two to five minutes.

THERE are several kinds of India-rubber cement. The best known is "marine glue." A cheaper cement and one that is highly recommended is made by cutting a quantity of pure India-rubber, in its natural state, into small pieces, putting them in a wide-mouthed bottle and filling it about half full of the purest benzine; the rubber will swell up almost immediately, and if well shaken will, in a few days, assume the consistency of honey. If the rubber does not dissolve add more benzine. If, when dissolved, the cement is too thin, add more gum. A piece of rubber one inch in diameter will make a pint of cement. This dries in a few minutes and is very useful in uniting pieces of leather, as it is both elastic and durable.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF SILK.—Lay a piece of baize or woolen cloth on a flat surface, and spread the greased part of the silk on it, with the right side downwards; next lay brown paper over the silk, and apply a hot iron to the paper. After a few seconds remove the iron, and rub the spots on the silk with clean paper.

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

NEWS OF INTEREST

"SOCIAL FUSION" is a new name for marriage out West.

THE Bible is [illegible] in 22 ways, as two hundred different languages.

THE total steamboat tonnage of the world is 5,244,888 tons, of which England owns 3,015,783.

IN the last nine years, in England and Wales, 188 persons were sentenced to death, and 16,310 to penal servitude.

"TWO HUNDRED AND ONE persons were killed on railroads last year." Why the railroads should have gone to the trouble to kill that odd person, is what no fellow can find out.

AN infantry soldier in the Russian army carries 68 pounds, the English soldier 62, and the French 62; the Prussian 61, the Swiss 59, the American 53, the Italian 53, and the Austrian 47.

A PATENT has just been secured for preserving butter and other perishable articles fresh and sweet without the use of ice, by simply lining packages with the pulp of poplar wood, which is furnished in sheets suitable for the purpose.

"BLACKJACKS" were olden pitchers, made of leather, and in some cases lined with metal, for holding beer. They are thought to have been named from the "jack," a horseman's defensive upper garment, which was quilted and covered with strong leather.

AND still we go up, up, up. The Western Union has opened at Alma, Col., the highest regular telegraph station in the world, 10,600 feet, or nearly two miles, above sea level. Well, the American eagle always did soar high, and always carried the lightning in its claws.

WORTH has just made for Mrs. X., of New York, a carriage costume of purple silk velvet, trimmed with purple feather trimming. The velvet was ten dollars per yard, and the entire cost of the costume is put at two thousand dollars, gold. This includes ten small gold buttons down the waist, and Mr. Worth's "ideas."

THE pogonior chromis (which, being translated, means drum-fish) is fond of oysters, and he eats them, shells and all, whether there be an "r" in the month or not. The inside of the fellow's mouth is actually paved with teeth, to enable him to crush the bivalves. By fishermen he is considered an undesirable tenant of an oyster bed.

LEATHER is being prepared in France from tripe intestines and other animal membranes. These are soaked in milk or lime while still fresh, then washed in water, and finally immersed in a paste made of starch and white of egg. The substance thus formed is to be used for glove-making, etc., and may also be tanned or curried.

IN the days of the great British Admirals Collingwood and Nelson, the heaviest gun afloat on the largest man-of-war weighed but from two to three tons. The common naval sixty-four pounder now weighs over three tons, while the great seven-hundred pounder of the largest iron ships reaches the enormous weight of thirty-five tons.

A FRENCH journalist, wishing to poke fun at the English, says that a British captain, named Harris, came across a sleeping whale. Under the impression that it was an island, he landed, and, in the name of Queen Victoria, took possession. The whale awoke and went down, carrying the discoverer and his party; but upon all English charts the place is marked Harris Island.

THE increase in the mileage of railways in the United Kingdom between 1850 and 1873 was 9,000 miles, and the number of locomotives 9,500. In India and the Colonies there are upwards of 12,300 miles open. There are 3,374 miles of submerged cable wire in the United Kingdom, 83,408 miles of public telegraph wire, and 4,341 miles of private wire. There are in India and the British Colonies upwards of 65,000 miles of wire.

AT the late International Postal Congress in Europe, a uniform rate of ocean postage was agreed upon between the United States and the other countries represented in that Congress. The rate thus agreed upon is six cents. Among the countries represented were Germany, Austro-Hungary, Turkey, Belgium, Russia, Switzerland, and the Netherlands. Owing to the mixed population of the United States, the matter of cheap ocean postage is of great importance in this country.

GRAMMARIANS will find it a good exercise to parse the *thats* which follows:

Now *that* is a word which may often be joined,
For *that that* may be doubled is clear to the mind,
And *that that that* is right is right plain to the view,
As *that that that that* we use, is rightly used, too.
And *that that that that that* line has it, is right,
In accordance to grammar is plain in our sight.

"THIRTEEN TO DINNER."—Quetelet, in his work on the relation of probabilities, speaks of the ridiculous prejudice existing on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required that out of thirteen persons of different ages one of them at least shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death at least will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended.

COSTLY OLD PICTURES.—The English art world was startled last December when a single engraving a few inches square was sold for 780 guineas. This was the portrait of "Aretino," by Marc Antonio Raimondi, a proof, before part of the inscription had been cut, and one of the two only impressions known in that state. This valuable piece of paper was in the Howard collection, and a farther selection from the same collection will be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, in London, very shortly. It consists chiefly of Rembrandts, including very fine impressions of the "Hungarian Guilder" plate, the "Three Trees," and the large "Crucifixion;" the gem of the sale being a portrait, "Jan Antonides Vander Linden," in the first state, almost unique.

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Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

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OLD AND NEW.

Cheerfulness and confidence are the pioneers of successful enterprise! They *blaze*—as it were—a clear pathway through the wilderness which so often besets the road of duty, and let in, through the riven foliage, the light of guiding stars. But *who* can be cheerful and confident, if he permits his memory to brood amidst the "clouds and darkness" of the melancholy, irrevocable past? We should linger upon those deeds which cannot be cancelled only long enough to master the lessons of warning and experience.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," embodies, beyond doubt, the quintessence of philosophy and wisdom; and surely, when we arrive at some cardinal division of time, or special era in our own lives—some period that lies as a neutral territory between that which *was*, and that which *is to be*—the eye of the mind should be more earnestly fixed upon the possible grandeurs and triumphs of the future, than on the mementoes of a "tale that is told," the dry bones which glimmer in the depths of that receding "valley of vision," through the cool pastures, or dangerous quicksands, of which we shall never wander more!

At the advent of every year we are enabled, in a measure, to begin our life afresh, to renew our youth with its glad aspirations, unsordid delights, and blessed promises. Not until we are stricken with age, until the silver chord is almost loosened, and the golden bowl tottern to its fall, can we regard these epochs as other than breathing spells granted to hope, faith, courage, wherein the sturdy warriors, taking no counsel of fear, may find leisure to rid themselves of the dust of conflict, and prepare for the perilous journey which awaits them still.

Labor is its own reward. We believe that for one indefatigable worker who has been exasperated or soured by failure, there are a hundred who, in the more healthful consciousness of having put forth their utmost energy, whether of achievement or endurance—"they also serve who only stand and wait"—experience a glorious satisfaction, which is nearly akin to triumph, if it be not triumph itself.

1875—Postage, Terms, Etc.

Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage *must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.*

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the POST has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, as POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Since the POST passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, neither labor nor expense have been spared to make it the VERY BEST Literary and Family Paper published. NEW LIFE and VIGOR have been infused into the old favorite; the BEST WRITERS now contribute to its columns, and the READING MATTER, ILLUSTRATIONS and TYPOGRAPHICAL appearance are equal to the very best. The POST during the coming year will contain a LAUGH FUND of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published. It will be sent to ANY ADDRESS, either singly or in clubs, on the following terms:

To Single Subscribers.—One copy, four months, $1.00; one copy, six months, $1.50; one copy, one year, $3.00.

To Clubs.—Four copies, one year, $10; which is $2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year, for $20.00; and an additional copy, free, to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz.: $2.50 each.

MOST precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to observe them—as the label, "Shut the door," is invisible when it is open wide at and thrown back against the wall.

THE greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY S. J. P.

A traveler in Palestine treads upon "hallowed ground;" but the shrines he visits, and the high places he reverences, are not associated with those ceremonies which in other lands awaken his interest. The red battle-field, the old mossy tower, and the battlemented wall, do not recall the names of those who were great captains in their day, and upon whom partial time has bestowed something of the heroic. He does not tread in the track of an invincible phalanx led by a ruthless conqueror, or wend his way toward the birthplace of some great poet or astute statesman. Not that Palestine is without its traditions of war and warriors, of sages and bards—but that they are swallowed up in an all-absorbing history; and the pilgrim's mind is steadily fixed upon one sublime remembrance, his heart is touched by one sacred person, and it is in the spirit of hope and faith he pursues his pilgrimage. Though the glory of Judea has departed, yet there is no other land which so attracts the love and reverence of the Christian, and surely no land to which his thoughts can more fitly travel on a Christmas Day.

There are two Bethlehems in Palestine; but the birthplace of our Saviour is, and was, distinguished as Bethlehem Ephrath, or Ephratah. This word, Bethlehem (House of Bread, or Flesh) refers, in all probability, to its situation in a fertile and corn-growing district. The prefix "Beth" (house) is common enough to many Hebrew words, and corresponds with the German Lausen, as in Nord Lausen, and the English "house," as in Waterhouse. Bethlehem is pleasantly situated upon a hill, about six miles southeast of Jerusalem, and three miles from the famous "Pools of Solomon." On its left slopes a considerable valley, Beet Jal, or the Yellow House, through which there runs a rippling brook. Stretching away to the eastward, for nearly twenty miles, are ample plains, crowned with the olive and the wine, until a ruder, rougher soil bears witness to the evil influence of the waters of the Dead Sea.

The memorable town which witnessed the birth of David, as well as of him whom the son of Jesse dimly foreshadowed, stands favorably distinguished among the cities of Palestine for its external beauty and internal cleanliness. An accurate observer tells us that "the houses, even the meanest, are all roofed; and those small cupolas abound, which give to the towns and the houses of the Holy Land an air of comfort, and even of importance, in strong contrast with the dreariness of the uniform flat roofs, or often roofless mud walls, of Egypt. Bethlehem is inhabited mostly by Christians, Roman Catholics and Greek. There is but one small mosque; few Mahomedans; no Jews. The dress of the Christian women here is singularly graceful and becoming; probably little varied in fashion from those of Naomi and her daughter-in-law, who came unto her, and said, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' The young women wear a light veil, or rather hood, not covering the features, like the Turkish or Egyptian cimaar, but descending on each side of the face, closed across the bosom, and showing the front of a low but handsome head-dress, usually composed of strings of silver coins, plaited in among the hair, and hanging down below the chin as a sort of necklace. The mothers and old women wear a longer and darker robe."

Bethlehem has its historical, no less than its scriptural, associations. Here the Emperor Hadrian, earnest in his attempts to root out "the new heresy," and to desecrate its holiest phrases, raised a statue and a shrine to Adonis, and ordained a series of splendid ceremonials. The statue, according to Jerome and Eusebius, was destroyed, some seventy years later, by the Empress Helena, mother of the great Constantine, who erected over the grotto wherein the Saviour, it is supposed, was born, a splendid church, dedicated to St. Catherine, which is still extant. Here, too, the devout Eusebius and the eloquent Jerome taught and practiced the Christian faith. "At the easternmost extremity of the town," says Lord Nugent, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," "on the edge of a steep rock, overhanging a plain of several miles in extent, stands the Franciscan Convent of the Nativity, containing within its precincts what is said to be the place where the Saviour was born into the world. It is spacious, and surrounded with lofty walls. The principal gate is small and low, with a strong iron door; and the whole building closely resembles a fortress." Within it stands St. Helena's Church, which has many points of similarity with the Church of St. Paul at Rome.

Beneath it, in a subterraneous chapel, is the place where the Nativity was accomplished, marked by a star of silver on the pavement, and the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Mario, Jesus Christus natus est" (Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born); and the "presipio," where of old "the manger" rested, now represented by an alabaster trough, "enclosed within a shrine hung with blue silk, and embroidered with silver." Lamps of gold and silver, and plates of glittering metals, cast a radiance upon the walls and pavement of these hallowed sanctuaries. Opposite the shrine of the manger is the chapel which marks the spot where the Magi and the wise men of the East deposited their offerings and worshiped the God-child.

Such is a brief outline of the holy places of Bethlehem, whither in this sacred Christmas time one's thoughts may well be borne, to recall, that prophetic song of the angels, which shall yet, in the fullness of time, be accomplished: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men!"

IN all the civilized world there is no spot so secluded, and, perhaps, no heart so dark that the sound of Christmas chimes fails to awaken in it a sense of joy and exultation. Round and round the earth rolls the grand sympathetic melody, calling on the rich and poor alike to put aside for a day all disputes and jealousies, and over and above all troubles and perplexity swells the sublime, reiterated strain:

"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace.
Peace and good-will to all mankind."

SUNSHINE is a powerful treatment for diseases. If you aspire to health and happiness, you must allow the sunlight to come into your houses.

ZEAL is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

"IF SUCH I BE."

BY MARA.

In haste I call'd him the light word
That darken'd life forever:
My pallid face nor moved nor stirr'd—
His lips but one short quiver.
He gave me that long yearning look,
And spake: "If such I be"—
And all his frame a shudder shook—
"I am not fit for thee."

We never met again— until
Long years had swept away.
His face was cold, and calm, and still—
My hair was tinged with gray.
Upon his arm a lady hung—
His voice was kind and free.
He did not know the blood-drops wrung
From my heart's agony.

We met but once again— the day
On which my darling died.
His wife and child had pass'd away:
I bade farewell to pride.
We met—my face to me he drew—
He call'd me by my name:
And in his dying hour we knew
Our love had been the same.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 13—CHRISTMAS WITH THE BROWNS.

It was the first Christmas of their married life. How odd it seemed to both of them. What consultations were held beforehand about likes and dislikes—for honest John Brown had thoroughly determined that if he could have His way and the funds held out, no single wish of his devoted little spouse should remain ungratified.

If he could have his way! As though genial, kind-hearted Sarah was so wellexperienced in matrimonial affairs as to deny her husband anything! Not even the wise councilings of an affectionate mother, nor the well-meant advice of a loving mother-in-law, could alter her in the least. In the opinion of the first she was "a little fool;" "John's wife," and no more, in that of the second; while honest John Brown's opinion, though it was never asked, was that she was "an angel."

Sarah was not beautiful, you know. John was only a workingman, and beauty in a wife might have bothered him a little. What he wanted was common sense—not that he was destitute of the article himself, but, having equal shares of this as of other things, it was generally thought likely that John and his wife must "rise in the world."

"So which shall it be, Sarah?" he questioned upon this, the first and ever to be remembered morning before Christmas of their married life, "a turkey or a goose? Mince pies and English plum pudding, of course (John's father was an Englishman), a bottle of old rye——"

"Oh, John!" said Sarah, dubiously.

"Remember your mother-in-law, Sarah," spoke forth John Brown; "not to mention your darling mamma, both of whom will be sure to drop in, you know. As for myself, why a half dozen choice Havanas——"

She shook her head demurely; but John had his way, and she had hers also.

Any person, unaccustomed to this sort of thing, would have fancied that the mountains of good fare which decorated the kitchen shelves that evening had cost an extravagant sum; but John knew better. Certainly he has overstepped the limits of his income; but if a man has lived within his means all the rest of the year, he may be permitted to strain a point at Christmas, surely? Besides, there was a present from the factory, and one from John's mamma, and another from Sarah's.

What a coming and going there was that Christmas Eve! Such merriment, such happiness. Even Sarah's canary (whose feathers stood on end, and gave him the appearance of a yellow snow ball) twittered and sang as he hadn't done all winter.

The turkey was there—the goose also. The mince-pies were already baked. The English plum-pudding was in the pot, and John was there (greatest blessing of all to Sarah) watching the progress of events philosophically, and smoking, at Sarah's particular request, the first of the series of choice Havanas.

John's mother came, of course, to help with the pudding, and Sarah's, to truss the turkey. The bottle of old rye was cautiously opened, and its contents tasted with equal deliberation. John's mother praised its quality, while Sarah's protested that it was too strong. Every one was remarkably good-humored, and the rosy-cheeked little wife as happy as could be.

Suddenly a knock at the door attracted every one's attention. Sarah opened it.

"John," she said, very quietly and seriously, "you are wanted, dear."

John stepped forward with alacrity, wondering who upon earth it could be. Of all men in the world, it was a police officer!

"Mr. Brown," said the officer, blandly, "your presence at the office is at once necessary——"

"At the office!" said John, wonderingly; "indeed—why—what——"

"Oh, go, John," said Sarah, eagerly, "something dreadful must have happened."

She looked toward the officer for an explanation.

He shook his head.

Sarah fetched John's hat and overcoat. She had no fear, no dread. Of course, it was not her John who was to be placed under arrest. The idea! His presence was necessary, and he would return soon.

"Make great haste, John," she said, kissing him; "and mind, for goodness' sake, don't take cold.

"Mercy, me; he has left his cigar!" she added, after the door was closed.

"You shouldn't allow him to smoke, Sarah," said her mother, seriously. "Your father didn't when——"

"Oh, bother!" said the young wife, impatiently. "John's different."

John's mother nodded approvingly.

The time passed pleasantly for an hour or more, and the presence of the young husband was scarcely missed, but, when two hours had rolled the world to within one of Christmas day, Sarah became uneasy in her mind.

At last she began to fear the worst. The visit of the police officer had hitherto inspired her with no dread, but this long delay was intolerable, and, when the elder ladies were about to depart, she reached down her bonnet and shawl and stated her intention of "meeting John."

"At this hour!" said her astonished mother.

But John's mother was anxious, too, and she volunteered to accompany her.

The result was this. The trio of ladies reached the office of John's employer at the moment of his exit therefrom, in the company of the police officer.

"Oh, John!" said Sarah, thankfully, "I am so glad you are safe. I have been so miserable."

"Why did you come, Sarah?" said her husband, plaintively. "I am under arrest."

"Arrested! John, this is a cruel joke, and I am sure it is no more——"

"Arrested!" said John's mother. "What for, I'd like to know?"

John looked sadly at them both, then at the officer, and then upon the ground, but he said nothing.

"Larceny," said the officer, laconically.

"My John a thief!" exclaimed the indignant mother.

"John *is no* thief, mother," said Sarah, quietly. "Why don't you prove it, John?"

"A sum of money was placed upon a bench in the workshop, it seems," said John, "and I was the last to leave it. The foreman returned an hour afterwards, remembering it, and desiring to place it in our employer's hands. It was gone, Sarah, and he suspected me. It was laid upon my bench, it appears, and —and—(here the poor man broke down) circumstances are against me, dear."

Sarah commenced an hysterical appeal to the officer and to justice.

"If he can get bail," said the officer, "he needn't stay away from home over an hour."

"Mother," said Sarah, smiling again, "we'll undertake that he shall not run away. Won't we?"

"But you are not freeholders, are you?" said the officer, sternly.

Sarah cried again.

The party had reached the station-house by this time. To their mutual surprise John's employer was there awaiting them.

"I'll be your security, Brown," he said, quietly. "Go home; don't worry. I don't believe you did it."

Sarah felt like kissing him.

"I don't believe you saw that money, John, and I came here as soon as I heard of your arrest."

"It was good of you," said John.

"Aye, that it was," said John's mother, and Sarah's eyes reflected all their thanks.

But Christmas Day had a cloud over it at its very beginning. John was morose and uncommunicative, Sarah fretful, and the rest unhappy.

Yet the clouds were removed long before dinner-time, for the foreman who had accused John called upon him early to offer his apologies.

"I never was so surprised in my life when I reached home last night, John," he said. "My little son Willie came to me, 'Father,' said he, 'I knew that this was your pocket-book, so I brought it home. Now, what's the reward for finding it?' I thought that a good thrashing would be the most fitting, for I knew that I left it on your bench when I was speaking to you, and no one else was present. I forgot little Willie, but it seems he had it, and now you must forgive me for my hasty, suspicious——"

"Umph!" said John's mother, "don't you believe it, my good sir. After frightening a couple of decent women out of their lives, and——"

"Mother," said Sarah, gently, "'Peace and good-will' is the preacher's text to-day——"

"But preachers are not threatened with——"

Sarah's eloquent eyes stifled the indignant speech. The good lady shook her head and left it to John. John took the proffered hand, and shook it heartily.

"I am only too pleased to be exonerated from all blame to bear malice now," he said.

After the restraint caused by the man's presence was removed the now thrice-happy party set about the thorough enjoyment of the day.

Let us leave them to their peaceful merrymaking, wishing them many such.

And yet before I lay down my pen I would like to add one word more in favor of John Brown. His employer, as an act of justice due to him, offered him the position of his hasty chief. John refused it, and the two are the best of friends, and their families have passed several merry Christmases together since the one of which it has been my pleasant duty to write this afternoon.

HOME HAPPINESS.

If the home life is inharmonious, nothing can go well. The root of all, unless this is wholesome and firm, the flower must needs be poor and the fruit bad. It sounds but a trifle to say that a family disagree among themselves, yet, unless it come to positive crimes, we could say but little more. When we think for a moment of all the evil qualities in this one small term—family quarrels—we need scarcely ask for deeper misery or more damaging sins of action; and no one can insist too warmly on the necessity of keeping the peace at home, whereby the social life abroad may be made beautiful, and the souls of men rendered blessed. Fathers, and mothers, and brothers all have their part in this, but, truly, no one so much as the "girls." When the sisters are harmonious together everything seems to go well; when they quarrel, and are jealous, and selfish, and exacting, peace is not to be found, and nothing is as it should be, which is some way towards admitting that supreme influence of the sex so much insisted on at the present day.

Unfortunately, however, it is a mode of exercising influence not much regarded by the majority, who care more for the shadow than the substance—less for home than for the world without. Perhaps there may be some who read our words to whom they will come with the power of fit application, and to them we can only insist again and again on the infinite importance of keeping the peace at home, and the need of cultivating the nobler qualities of mind and heart if this is to be done well. A small sphere is not necessarily an unimportant one, and home and family are the seed places of all that is most stirring and most public in the world. Without, however, mutual concession there is no peace; without peace there is no happiness; and without happiness of what good is life? It is better to give up this and that little personal domain for the insuring of peace than to fight for supremacy and maintain the war. A lowly temper has its own grace.

CHRISTMAS is the joyful time for reunion and rest. All business and study being suspended, the family mansion is filled with youthful life and freshness; the blooming daughter home from school, beaming with fun and fancy; the youth forgetting for a time the account-book and visions of future wealth—all throwing care aside, and considering a Christmas kiss, amidst home and friends the highest of earthly delights.

BONNEBEL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

Christmas Eve had come, the snow was flying, the sleighbells jingling, and merry parties of gentlemen and gaily-dressed ladies rode swiftly by the little brown farm-house that Bonnebel Granby called home. Everybody was evidently going to visit everybody's friends and spend Christmas—everybody but Bonnebel; she sat by the window looking out on the snowy landscape and half wondering if she ever had any friends.

There seems to be some people to whom troubles never come singly and yet comes all the time, and if Bonnebel had been commissioned to count them all she would probably have begun at home.

But she did not know of the bright-hued pattern woven and about to be unrolled in the web of her own life. It had not been so long a time that she had entirely forgotten what would have been called the better days of the family, when her father was a rich merchant and owned one of the most beautiful mansions in a great city, when her mother lived the life of a lady, and when she herself was the admired, the beautiful, the beloved Bonnebel, and wore little checked silk or bright worsted dresses and warm furs at Christmas, and gave her old dresses to Nora Muggins, whose father was dead and whose mother had to work very hard and count every penny twice before she spent it.

No, she had not forgotten; and, what was worse still, could not forget when the great failure in business came, and her father, broken in health and spirit, retired from the busy world that had so long known and honored him, and in the quiet seclusion of a little country town hid himself and the remnant of his broken fortunes.

He was dead now, and Bonnebel and her mother lived all alone. They were supposed by the neighbors to be in very straightened circumstances, from the fact that when Mrs. Granby had the fever they sold Farmer Bean several acres of their best land in order to buy medicine and pay the doctor's bill. However, Bonnebel taught school most of the year and Mrs. Granby knit mittens for a Boston firm at the starvation rate of a dollar for a dozen pairs, so they managed to live and keep above actual want. But poverty alone knows to what disagreeable shifts poverty is often obliged to resort, and Bonnebel had matched, and pieced, and darned, and cleaned, and fixed over old gloves, and bonnets, and dresses until she was heartily sick of it all.

There was no chance for cessation or change of labor; life had been given, and must be preserved. Mrs. Granby's health was feeble, and no place outside of the humdrum town that held her little home was to be thought of.

All that Christmas Eve she had no thought of the many good wishes the town's-people held for herself and mother. She had not heard that young Nathan Vonvocton was not the only one who wanted to invite her to share all future Christmas sleigh-rides with them. She did not know that old Mrs. Vonvocton came near having hysterics every time Nathan spoke in praise of the school-teacher, and, luckily perhaps, she had never heard of the severe lectures that the young men received from their respective mothers regarding the folly of marrying an incumbrance—life with a mother-in-law and the like.

"Mother," she said, cheerily, as she left her seat by the window and opened the door of the kitchen stove, "this chicken-pie is just done, and we will now have our dinner." Then she sung merrily the song that Emil sung when the charm of her voice snared the heart of Geroint:

"Turn, Fortune, turn, thy wheel with smile or frown,
With that wild wheel we go not up or down.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

"Put on three plates to-day, daughter," said Mrs. Granby, as Bonnebel proceeded to lay the table; "possibly some wayfarer may chance to gladly share our humble meal."

Such a jingle of bells, such a sleigh, such robes, and horses, and harness, and that tall figure in a wolf-skin coat, close buttoned up to the chin.

"Who can he be?" said Bonnebel, and yet in her heart she knew that there was but one such man in the land, and that he was the only son of the richest man in Cedarville, and that his name was Nathan Vonvocton.

"He just knocked, child," said Mrs. Granby. "Open the door and see what he wants; perhaps he has lost his way."

And Bonnebel, with the most beautiful bloom on her cheeks, obeyed.

"This is Mr. Vonvocton, mother," she said, "the gentleman who so kindly carried me in his sleigh to my boarding place when I had broken my arm last winter."

And Mrs. Granby bowed with all her old dignity of manner, and spoke pleasant words suited to the occasion.

Then Nathan Vonvocton took from his pocket a letter written in a scrawling business like hand, and as he gave it to Mrs. Granby, with the remark that it had been at the office some time, he took occasion to say, "Have I your permission to speak alone with your daughter while you are reading the letter?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Granby, and retired from the room. It seemed a very long time to her, too, before she was summoned to return, and she began to think that Mr. Vonvocton must have thought the letter one of remarkable length.

At last they came to her—came together, hand in hand.

"Will you give me Bonnebel for my wife?" said Mr. Vonvocton. "Can you spare her soon? And will you come and live with us?"

And Mrs. Granby replied, "Much as I love her, I freely give her to you, for I know that no motive but that of affection, and that alone should govern and guide our choice in life, has prompted your request. One hour later, however, and I should have answered differently, for then you would have known that my daughter is heiress to quarter of a million of dollars." And she proceeded to explain how her father, Judge Freeman, had, late in life, invested a large sum of money in lands in the West; that the lands, then of little value, had increased by reason of railroads, and that now there was a prospect of a city being built on a portion of them. "We have practiced every art of economy," she continued, "in order to save money enough to send some trustworthy lawyer who would ascertain for us their true value. You smile, I see, but we employed an old friend of my husband's, who has done well for us. He writes that the lands will now sell readily for at least half a million."

So there were happy hearts in the little brown farm-house that Christmas night.

The next Christmas bells that rung for Bonnebel were marriage bells, and Nathan Vonvocton, proud and happy in the love of his beautiful bride, yet found time to reflect, for one moment, on the fact that there wasn't a person in town who would have the heart to consign a mother-in-law, worth a quarter of a million, any incumbrance.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HUSBANDS.

Bright, oh! so very bright, seems all the world to the young and inexperienced housekeeper, and it not unfrequently occurs that she writes to a valued friend, "I am perfectly happy." The cold world seems for a while entirely shut off from the home, and all the bitter experiences of other lives seem far away and needless occurrences.

This ought so to be, for it would be very strange if in our journey through life there were no resting-places, no spots where we, when wearied with fierce warfare, could turn back and seek repose.

The lover-husband looks and appears very well as an ideal creation in a novel, but bring him down to the stern realties of life for a day—just for a day let him have scorched biscuits and musty coffee for breakfast, a picked-up dinner, and a sick wife and crying baby to look after at night—my word for it his vaunted goodness, tried in the thermometer of affliction, will fall to zero pretty quick.

To search for, or expect to find, a lover-husband in real life is like searching for the philosopher's stone or the fountain of youth, still the young wife is not unfrequently disappointed when those delicate little attentions of the lover cease, and the sober, solemn expectations of the husband are made manifest.

It is but fair to suppose that all young wives have their days of weeping, and it not unfrequently happens that with the beginning of those days come the beginning of real difficulties and serious misunderstandings, but not the lack of kisses nor the slam of doors should break the heart or disturb permanently the peace of the home.

We all know it is very ill-mannered to slam doors, but when a man gets tired, and vexed, and cross, and mad with himself and the world generally, he will give vent to his feelings in some forcible manner. Let him deny it if he choose, as of course he will choose, we who guard the cages know the habits. But one cannot quarrel alone, and if this maxim were oftener heeded divorce and insanity would be less frequent.

"A good husband is worth five—yes, ten—of the most ardent lovers in the world, and he will pass for a good husband who admires the works of his own wife more than those of any other woman, real or imaginary; who spends his evenings at home; who when the children cry in the daytime doesn't begin to sputter and add to the general uproar, and when they cry in the night neither lies muttering—anything but his prayers—or gives the order to "remove that child from the room;" who does not expect his wife to do all her own work, tend the children, live well on nothing, dress well without money, and yet never get tired, nor begin to grow old; who is not all the time growling at the ease of a woman's work and the hardness of his own, and who, of all things, doesn't say at every opportunity, as if in praise of his wife, "I wish to goodness I had never married, and if I was single again you better believe I wouldn't marry in a hurry."

We call to mind the story of a lady whose husband proudly told her that he would have risked anything, everything to obtain her, but having secured her he considered her as the last stepping-stone under his feet by which he hoped to mount higher. Without doubt this news was not the most pleasing that could have been imparted, but giving vent to a sob or two, and choking back the others, this lady made a resolve to kill herself? No, indeed; but she resolved that if she must serve as a stepping-stone she would serve as a good one, and so well did she succeed in her endeavors that her name is covered with honor, and it is only as *her husband* that the would-be high-climber is remembered.

It is very true that there is a skeleton in every house, and some of these skeletons are of giants, so be thankful if yours be a pigmy, and never look at it with a magnifying glass.

MRS. S. A. M. MOSS.

FLINGING SHADOWS.

We have no more right to fling an unnecessary shadow over the spirit of those with whom we have to do, than we have to fling a stone and injure them. Yet this flinging shadows is a very common sin, and one to which women are particularly addicted. Oh, what a blessing is a merry, cheerful woman in a household! One whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smile, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infects every one. The children go to school with the sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how the people worry and annoy him all the day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home shall I find rest!" So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy, and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find that he has a wife of this kind. For nothing is more certain than that the man who is married must ask his wife for permission to be happy and wealthy.

IT is not to be wondered at that both poets and artists have devoted many of their best productions to the honor of Christmastide and its festivities. Celebrations, from the penny candle and sprig of green in the peasant's hut, to the gorgeous and lavish display in the palace, have all had their share of picturesque representation—all breathe the same spirit of happiness and joyous recognition of grand union of earth and heaven.

APPLAUSE waits on success; the fickle multitude, like the straw that floats along the stream, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

A CHRISTMAS KISS.

BY J. H. WARE.

We meet the fairies when we sleep,
In dreams they first were found,
Our waking hours are real enough,
Our sleep is free from bound.
And as within a moment's thought
We fly from pole to pole,
How can we limit, in our sleep,
The freedom of the soul?

[illegible]
To meet us as we wake,
Leaving us soulless for a time,
Yet wounded by the mind.
'Tis thus, perchance, that children see—
When sleep has closed their eyes—
A world unknown to them awake,
A world one vast surprise.

* * * * *

A troop of tiny merry souls,
Were drifting in the sky,
Upon one Christmas Eve beside
As Christmas Day drew nigh.
When lo! before their wide-ope'd eyes,
Appeared the Fairy Queen:
Of all the fairest, she most fair
By children ever seen.

"Good-morrow to you all," she said;
"I hope you are quite well.
What am I holding in my hands?
Can anybody tell?"
The queenly hands were arched and close,
Yet within them flowed
A soft, sweet, fragrant, limpid light,
That on their faces glowed.

"My New Year's gift is this," she said;
"But first I must obtain
From some one something in return,
Who New Year's gift would gain.
Come now—who speaks? Has any one
A gift that fairies love?
What is the something I should prize
All other gifts above?"

"I'll give my little garden, Queen,"
Said one, "and all the trees."
"I'll give you yellow honeycomb,"
And all my busy bees."
"I'll give my pony," said a third.
"And I my milk-white goat."
"I'll give my rabbits in their hutch."
"And I my bran-new boat."

The Fairy only shook her head.
"I'll give"—"I'll give"—but no,
The Fairy cared for nothing they
Were willing to bestow.
Now out beyond the rest there stood
A poor-clad little soul,
Who, as the Fairy shook her head,
A step the nearer stole.

"And you," the Fairy to her said,
"What will you give for this?"
"So please you," said the poor-clad child,
"I've but a Christmas kiss."
The queen's face smiled and op'd her hands
"My New Year's gift is thine."
New light lit up the child's wan face,
That made it near divine.

The others turned and curious looked,
Quite earnest with surprise;
A little of the gift was thus
Reflected from their eyes.
"Go back to earth," the Fairy said,
"And tell them from above,
The gift the immortals prize the most
Is perfect human love."

* * * * *

'Twas in a poor man's home next morn,
Above a little bed,
A smiling, wayworn mother bent,
"Good morning, dear," she said.
She waked. "How lovely she has grown!"
Forgive the motherly bliss.
"I've brought you both"—the child 'twas spoke,
"An endless CHRISTMAS KISS."

THE LITTLE SNOW-SPRITE.

BY P. J. P.

It was Christmas Eve, and little Jack sat by the cottage fire, with his head on his mother's lap, meditating very sadly, for his father had been lost at sea since the last year came in, and he remembered how happy they had been only one year ago that night, all three seated about the same bright hearth. They were very poor, though his mother had managed to keep the fire bright, and to feed and clothe herself and little boy quite comfortably thus far, but it was by dint of hard labor. She bent over her sewing from early morning until late at night, very thankful to the kind people in the parish who furnished her with work to do. But she looked weary and pale, and Jack longed so to be a man that he might earn money to take care of them both, and never let her work any more.

It was a bitter, cold night; the frost so thickly curtained the cottage windows that the stars could not peep in, and the wind whistled around the house and shook the lattice, trying to get in.

"Jack," said his mother, smoothing his curls, "we have still much to be thankful for; I wish every little boy in the world were as warm as my little boy is to-night."

"Yes," answered little Jack; "and if there are any poor little girls or boys without any home, I wish they would come here to-night, and I'd give them my supper and my bed to sleep in, too."

And as he sat watching the bright coals, which fell into all sorts of fantastic shapes, he fell to thinking deeply of how many poor little wanderers there might be abroad in the terrible cold, and of wrecks at sea, when there was a little timid rap at the outer door.

"Run quickly and open the door, Jack," said his mother. "Don't let any one wait long in the wind."

And Jack did as he was bid; and there stood a poor little girl trembling like a leaf with the cold, who begged that she might come in and warm herself by the fire. And Jack took her little blue hand in his, and led her to his own little chair, in the warmest corner of the chimney nook. She was a pretty little thing, in spite of the rags she wore, with curly, golden hair; and her eyes with the tears in them were like violets full of dew. Jack's mother took off her little hood, and gave her a nice bowl of bread and milk for her supper.

"And you shall have mine, too, little girl," said Jack, "after you have eaten that, for you must be very hungry; aren't you?"

"Yes," resumed she, with her demure little voice. And she ate it very eagerly, to the last drop, but she would not take Jack's, though he pressed her to do so again and again.

She had eaten all she wished, she said, though it was very nice; and she thought Jack was very nice, and thanked him a thousand times. Jack wondered that she grew warm so soon, for she kept moving her little chair away and away from the fire, until she had reached the frostiest corner in the room.

"Why, are you so warm?" asked he.

And the little girl said that she had been in the cold so long that the fire made her face burn. Jack tried to be very entertaining, and talked to the shy little stranger as merrily as possible; but she was inclined to be very silent, though she looked amused.

Jack asked her where she lived; and when she answered very sadly, that she hadn't any home at all, he spoke out eagerly:

"Then you shall come and live with us. I'm going to be a man pretty soon, and take care of you. But you won't mind if you don't have very much supper, or a very pretty dress to wear, for a little while, will you?"

The little girl did not speak, but she gave him a very bright, grateful look, which was beautiful to see, and Jack thought he'd never seen any one half so pretty. She was prettier even than Bess Brown, his little rosy-cheeked sweetheart at school. But while he was looking at her, to his great surprise and fear, she suddenly vanished, as a shadow on the wall might have done; and, from an opposite corner, the tiniest little lady imaginable danced out, waving a wand like frosted silver, and dressed all in white.

The queer little hat she wore, perched on her pert little head, was trimmed about the brim with a fringe of tiny icicles; and her jaunty little jacket was edged with longer ones, that tinkled when she moved like sprays of silver bells; and her tiny feet were encased in the cunningest little slippers that looked like glass, but were nothing but clear crystal ice, in reality; and they made a queer little clack as she danced about over the hard wooden floor.

Jack was inclined to be afraid, at first; but the expression of the little lady's face was so sweet, that he soon forgot his fear in admiration and delight, as she waved her beautiful glittering wand, and laughed gaily, making the faintest, sweetest music, as she did so, that ever was made. His eyes were very wide and bright as he watched her graceful motions from his low stool by the fire; and suddenly she was before him; and, after curtseying, she stood on the tips of her dainty icy slippers to look into his face, and said:

"I am a little snow-sprite, and if you will wish a wish, I will grant it to you! Think what you wish the most, kind little Jack."

"But where is the little beggar girl?" asked Jack, wonderingly.

"Oh, never you mind her," answered the sprite, laughing merrily. "I'll take care of her. You were very good, and did all you could for her. I'll wait just outside the door while you are thinking—it is so warm in here; and when you are ready, just tap upon the hearth, and, be it ever so lightly, I shall hear you, and come."

It did not take Jack a moment to think what he wished most; and it was what he knew that his mother wished most, and that was that his father might come home again alive and well, and that the story of the wreck of the Orient might prove to be all untrue. So he tapped ever so lightly on the hearth, and in a breath the little snow-sprite was before him again.

"I wish," spoke he, eagerly, "that my father may come back to us again, alive and well."

"And where is your father?" questioned the small body.

"Alas!" answered the little boy, sadly, "I suppose that he is at the bottom of the sea."

"I cannot bring back the dead," said she, "and I wouldn't if I could; but, nevertheless, you shall see your father, alive, and well, before to-morrow morning. And now you may wish another wish, for this, although it shall be granted, will not be exactly of my giving, you know; and while you are wishing, I will wait just outside the door again, and when you are ready, tap as before."

And Jack was trying to think what he should wish, when the voice of his mother aroused him, and he found that he had been asleep, with his head still in her lap.

"Come, Jack," said she, "we'll have our supper now."

"But wait till the little sprite comes back," murmured he, rubbing open his sleepy eyes, his dream still unbroken.

"The little sprite?" said his mother, lifting him to his feet. "Why, Jack, you're dreaming."

"Oh, mother," said he, now fairly awake," and I've had such a beautiful dream; and I know by the way I feel that it will prove a reality."

And he told his mother all about it, describing the little snow-sprite with great enthusiasm. And his mother smiled sadly, never speaking, for she did not wish to crush her little boy's jovial hope on this Christmas Eve, though she had not the faintest hope left in her own breast that her husband would ever return to them.

"Mother," said Jack, "I'm going to wait until father comes before I eat my supper; and won't you please wait, too? Oh, it will be so nice to have supper together again!"

And he began to dance about the room, he was so wild with joy. And whenever the wind rattled the outer latch, or shook the door, as it whistled past down the lane, he would start, and fancy that he heard footsteps, and imagine that some one was surely coming in at the gate.

But after a while, as the excitement of the dream wore away, and he looked at his mother bending so wearily and sadly over her work; and the clock was just on the stroke of nine, he ceased to listen for footsteps without, and wondered how he could have given himself up so entirely to believe in a foolish dream. The old house cat purred drearily and monotonously on the hearth, and it was very lonely and silent, and Jack grew as sad as he had been joyful.

The doors were bolted for the night, and Jack and his mother were preparing for bed, when the gate-latch did indeed click, and there were footsteps upon the crisp snow without. Jack rushed wildly for the door, and Jack's mother trembled so that she could hardly stand. She leaned against the table and listened.

"Oh, father!" sang Jack's clear, joyful voice, "I knew that you were coming!"

And into the room where she stood stepped the sailor and clasped his wife in his arms, and it was certainly father, alive and well, as Jack had dreamed on this happy Christmas Eve. He, with another brave comrade, had been saved from the wreck of the Orient, after floating about until they almost died of hunger, and thirst, and cold, upon some detached spars; and the ship that took them in at last was bound to a foreign port. Then for six months after reaching that foreign port he had lain ill in a hospital, for the exposure and suffering he had endured had brought on a distressing sickness. This had been the cause of his silence and delay. And if ever a little sprite has come to Jack in dreams since, he has believed firmly in what she has said.

SOME people look at everything, yet really see nothing.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

If there is one particular thing more uncertain than another, so far as human calculations are concerned, it is the arrival of a railway train when due at a country station. Karl Henderson's [illegible] it seemed to him that half the night must have dragged away when the welcome whistle warned him his watch was ended.

Jennie Allston was the first person to descend. She was on the platform almost before the wheels had ceased to turn. She came up with an excited air.

"So, here you are at last," says Karl, a little ungraciously, seeing that the fault is in nowise Jennie's. "I've been waiting for you the last two hours, and had just given you up."

"We were detained," replies she. "But tell me about Nellie. How is she, and where? Tell me, oh, tell me? Is she well?"

Henderson gives her the desired information, putting everything in the best light he can. But he feels that he is terribly awkward. He contradicts, and crosses himself times without number. But Jennie does not seem to heed it.

"How can I ever tell you," she says, as they tramp along together in the lonely moonlit road. "the joy, the thankfulness I felt when that telegram was handed me. I believe I cried for very gladness. And only a moment before everything had seemed so gloomy. I sent on word at once, home. I could not keep the blessed tidings to myself. I wanted everybody to share them."

"Are you sure—do you think you were quite wise in doing that?" hesitated Henderson. "In case Nellie should refuse to go home, it would be a double disappointment."

"Not go home! Why, what are you thinking of? Of course Nellie will go home with me. What else can she do?"

Henderson does not answer. He cannot explain it, but he is oppressed by a vague fear of something evil to come. Nellie's manner and Nellie's words have aroused in him a foreboding uneasiness which he is unable to overcome.

"By-the-way," he cries, suddenly, "your sister told me that she saw you here, in this place, yesterday. Can it be possible, do you think, that she was at your father's grave when we were there last evening?" He is conscious that his voice is, even in the dark, shamefaced and mean.

Jennie starts away from her companion. A quick pain shoots to her heart, and a quick, red, burning blush overspreads her face at his words. It seems to the young girl that he must feel the heat of that fiery, crimson torrent of blood as it rushes to her cheeks when she recollects last evening's walk, and the scene in the lonely cemetery on the hill.

"Oh, how dreadfull Poor child, poor Nellie, out in that dark night. And I never to feel that she was there, so close to me. Maybe that was why I had that dreadful feeling of wanting always to look behind me. Oh, I hope she was not there! What could she have thought of us—of *me*!"

They hurry along in silence together. Lights are flashing in the lower windows of the Golden Star, but all is dark in that upper casement to which Karl lifts eager eyes as soon as they turn the corner. Mrs. Smiley, the landlady, meets them in the hall as they enter. Jennie runs forward with uncerimonious haste.

"Where is my sister Nellie—Mrs. Childerssohn? Is she waiting for me? Take me to her at once, please."

"Mrs. Childerssohn," repeats the landlady, in stupid bewilderment. "Why, Mrs. Childerssohn is gone."

"Gone!" repeats Jennie, in her turn. She stares incredulously.

"She has been gone more than an hour," Mrs. Smiley unwillingly informs them. "She inquired when the express train was due, so I guess she's gone on that. It's my belief that she wasn't fit to stir a step out of her room. But she went; it wasn't none of my business to hinder her."

Jennie turns with horror-stricken face to Henderson. He is very pale, and his dark eyes burn like stars in the faint, bright gloom.

"You must be mistaken," he says, half angrily.

He knows well, far too well, that the woman is speaking truth, that Nellie has gone; but he fights the miserable fact; he keeps the realization of it from him as long as possible.

"You are certainly mistaken. Mrs. Childerssohn is here, in the house, of course. I left her here not two hours ago."

Mrs. Smiley turns a coppery red at this flat contradiction. Of bones is Mrs. Smiley's physical structure mostly made up. Bony are her cheeks, her hands, her elbows, her high, calico-draped shoulders. It would seem improbable that there was blood enough in Mrs. Smiley to color the parchment-like skin that is drawn tightly over this bony structure. But her anger is plain enough to be seen.

"If you don't believe me, you can go and see for yourself," she answers. "You know where her room is well enough."

Karl does not wait for a second invitation. Without a word of apology he snatches the sputtering candle out of the landlady's hand, and darts up the stairs. Jennie follows close at his heels.

Karl stops a moment at the door. He tries to shape a prayer, tries to supplicate, entreat. Does he? He hardly knows. But his brain is in a wild whirl and his heart is cold with dread. He flings open the door. The moonlight flies before the gleam of the candle he brings. But the empty chair stands before the window—the empty room is there; the pillow on the bed carries the imprint of Nellie's tearful face as she pressed it there when she had said "good bye," and on the table lies the faded rose Karl gave her when he went away. He takes it all in at a glance. He places the candle on the table, and drops into a chair with something like a groan.

"Gone! she has surely gone. Why did I not suspect it? Why did I leave her?"

Jennie turns away with an impatient, angry movement. Then she thinks of another to whom this disappointment will be even keener than it is to her, and her pale lips quiver. She walks to the

indow, looks out, then turns again and oke at the bowed head of the mourner y the table. Her heart swells with an dignant sense of mourning being out f place with him. What right has he o grieve; he who worked all this woe. he flies suddenly past him to the door.

"Are you going?" he asks, raising is head.

"I must go away from here. I cannot tay under this roof if you are here. I annot breathe in this house with you."

"With me!" He stares at her with vide-opened eyes; stares in simple, superb stonishment at her words.

"With you! Do you not understand? You are the cause of all this sorrow. It ould never have been but for you. Oh, if I could make you feel what contempt I had for myself to-day when I read that note. Yet, if you had truly given Nellie back to me, I would have orgiven you. As it is, I would sit in he darkness by the roadside to-night, before I would stay in this house with you in it—this house, from which your presence has driven my poor lost Nellie again."

If Mr. Henderson is conscious of ever so slight a rise of temper at these daring words, he controls himself admirably. But in fact it is doubtful if he listens to them at all. His mind is occupied in going over those few fair days he spent at Newport in Nellie Childerssohn's society. More than once in the last week has he taken himself to task for that past folly; folly alas! which it is too late to mend now.

He goes over every trifling incident he can remember; he recalls words, and looks, and manner. Her words, he knows full well, do not count for much; but the look, the last lingering, stolen glance, and the manner when they met or parted; these, evanescent and intangible, are what tell, and he is conscious that they roll up a mighty odds against him.

He draws a long hard breath as he rises, and stands face to face with her. Of the two, he is the paler.

"You are harsh to me," he says in a low voice; and there is a queer underflow of pathos in his thoughts as he speaks. "You are very harsh, Miss Allston."

"Am I? Well, I mean to be. This summer's amusement will bear no bitter Dead Sea fruit for you, Mr. Henderson."

"Are you sure of it?" he breathes so low he hardly hears his own words.

She looks at him with calm, indignant eyes, as she goes on:

"You are a man; you will not suffer. You will go back to the old life you led before; you will have the same society, the same friends and amusements. For us there is left the desolate home; for her the vain regret, the unsatisfied future, the memory of a sweet and bitter past—whereof the sweetness will carry far the sharper sting."

"Do you not think that will be my punishment, too?" he asks, gravely.

"I tell you there will be no punishment for you. Oh!" and she strikes her hands together passionately as she says it, "oh, why did you not go and leave her when you saw her folly! You are a man of the world; you knew—you knew so what dark ways her feet were turning. She is so young, so ignorant of life and its temptations. You might have warned her. You might have left her in time to save her this."

He does not defend himself; how can he? If Jennie is mistaken in her estimate, if he, too, has been hard hit, and underneath the perfect polish of his manner carries a wound that will send its pain through all his coming life, he is the last man to confess it. He is very pale, and his teeth lock on his under lip with a force he hardly realizes.

They look at each other silently for a moment, and then Jennie turns the lock of the door.

"For the rest, I thank you for sending me word to-day. I am sure you meant well, though it has been no use. Be sure, too, if I can help it, our paths in life will never cross again. Good night."

"Stop," he says, gently. "I will not put you to the trouble of leaving the house. I am going—now—without delay."

He passes her as she stands within the door; but in the hall he stops and looks back at her.

"If I should chance to hear tidings of your sister, shall I send you word—will you care to hear them?"

"You need not!" she answers, proudly. "I shall find her, if she lives—and she does live, I am sure of that—I shall find her and take her home."

And so he leaves her.

As he passes through the lower hall ten minutes later, on his way from the office, where he has been to settle with Mrs. Smiley, he has forgotten all about their little tiff when he came in with Jennie, and he says "good-bye" with a smile.

She returns it with scant courtesy, and shakes her bony hand disapprovingly, as the door closes on him.

"A disagreeable-tempered young man as ever I see. Always a flarin' up and undin' fault with his vittels, too. Ready to contradict when things cross him—for all the world like Mr. Smiley. Though he's a gittin' over that habit lately."

CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE IS LOVE FOREVERMORE."

New York was filling fast. After the summer's exodus, the jaded pleasure-seekers, like human swallows, homeward sped; some from the mountains, some from the inland lakes and meadows, and some from farther still—dear haunts beyond the sea. The fashionable avenues began to palpitate, and parlors to thrill with lovely life.

"Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow."

Karl Henderson dropped down on his partner, in their office on Broadway, one morning soon after his return to the city, and found him up to his eyes in business, and consequently cheerful.

He looked up with a friendly nod over his papers, as Karl lounged in and took the chair opposite him at the table. They were neither of them demonstrative men, but there was a warmth in their tone when they spoke that atoned for the absence of a great deal of common place effusion.

"So here you are, Standish, and hard at worked as usual."

"Ay, and your're home again, just in the nick of time, Henderson. There's no end to the business that's been pouring in of late. I should have been pretty sure to send for you if you'd taken another week."

"All right. The more business we have the better, just now. I say, Standish, if you've got a particularly tough bit of work to do, give it to me. I want it. Anything to make me lose myself."

Standish glanced up from the papers he was sorting.

"You look fagged out. What is the matter? Been plunging?"

"I've been making a fool of myself," responded Henderson, dropping his head on his hand. He sat thus for a moment, looking, his partner thought, terribly haggard and worn. Then seeing Standish's eyes on him, he woke up with an impatient shake. "Never mind! I don't mean to take to whining. Give me work! work! work! plenty of it. It's the only antidote for a mind diseased like mine."

Henderson and his partner were noted as rather brilliant and rising young lawyers, and as they had really some promising work on hand, and had been retained on one or two prominent cases, Karl threw himself into his part with all his might.

It was really what he needed. He worked night and day, striving, by strict application to his business, to ease his mind of those haunting memories of the past. Yet, plunged he ever so deep into study, he could not banish the one woman's face that haunted him. It floated with streaming golden locks before his book, between him and his papers, between him and the sea of faces uplifted to him at the bar.

Sometimes he saw it, or fancied he saw it, gleaming white under the flow of cool, clear river waters; it was always fair, sweet and reproachful; sometimes he dreamed she was crushed to death under roaring wheels, and he began to imagine she had killed herself. He could hear nothing of her; Mrs. Shrewsbury was traveling somewhere, he did not know where, and the one letter he had written to Jennie, begging for news, came back to him unopened.

"If she is dead," he thought, "I have killed her, and what right have I to live."

He grew nervous and morbid. His friends accused him of overwork and application.

"You never show yourself now," said an associate, whom by chance he met one evening: "Why don't you take more exercise. Hard work, night and day on the stretch, is enough to kill a tougher man than you. And you're not used to it, you know."

By way of compromising the matter between his conscience, which warned him he had no business to take life lightly, and his friends, who were really sincere in their regard for his health, he took a ticket one night for a leading and fashionable theatre.

It was more from force of habit than anything else that he went there. He did not notice what the play was on the stage, but sat back, lonely and alone. A sudden storm of applause which shook the house aroused him.

As he swept the audience with his glass, he saw a familiar face opposite him. He looked again; he was not mistaken; it was Mrs. Shrewsbury. She saw him and nodded; then she raised a hand, beckoningly. After a sharp struggle with himself for composure he went around.

Her husband was with her, and they met him with a cordial warmth. But Mrs. Shrewsbury's dark, lovely face was a trifle paler, when the society smile had faded, than it used to be.

"At last, Mr. Henderson, I've met you. You don't know how I have longed to speak with you. Frank," turning, with a caressing bend of the head, to her husband, "I've got something I must say particularly private to Karl, and you'll be listening. Please take yourself away five minutes, there's a dear."

Mr. Shrewsbury, the least jealous of husbands, rose at once.

"Many thanks for my release, Ellice. You know how I hate doing theatre duty of old, Henderson. I'm glad to leave you in charge. I'll take a stroll in the lobby."

Ellice turned to Karl with an anxious look.

"That most unfortunate affair! Have you heard the latest news?"

"No!"

Henderson's lips grow white. The room seemed turning round with him. He was conscious that a woman, with streaming masses of gold-colored hair, came forward on the stage and spoke, while a low murmur of applause ran round the house; but though he was looking straight at her, it was without any sense of her presence.

"No! I thought not. But first, are you interested in the play?"

"I? The play? I have not noticed. What is it?"

"It does not matter then. Well, to return. Do you know that poor child Nellie has not yet been seen. She wrote a letter to them at home—it was after you met her down there among the hills—a letter fit to draw tears from a rock. She begged them, humbly, to forgive her, since she had broken her own heart first by her folly. That was all. She was a broken-hearted creature not worthy to bear malice against. I have no patience with her, and yet I lie awake nights thinking of her, wondering how it will end."

Her voice faltered and fell. There was a moment's silence.

"Ah, Karl!" and tears stood in the eyes of the cold, world-wise woman; 'it is a sad lesson. A summer's soft amusement ending like this, with misery for all——"

"For God's sake, stop!" he cried. "I can't bear it!"

There came a long silence between them. The lights flashed, the curtain rose and fell as on the stage the travestied story of life, with its tragedy of mimic love, swept on. He saw, but did not heed them. For all he knew, the throng of players might have been bundles of straw coming and going in their different parts.

Then all at once he became conscious of a new sensation—something out of the way, and strange.

"Good heaven!" cried Ellice, rising. "What is that?"

The figure of an old man; an old man with bent shoulders, and locks of snow-white hair streaming over them, passed down the central isle in front of the stage.

There, on the boards, in mimic glory, the agony was at its height. The group was worthy a moment's study. A poor recreant, young child-wife had dragged herself to her husband's feet; with tears and sobs she grovelled, pleading for the pardon he was too stern to give. Unrelenting, he towered above her.

The old man, faltering, paused in the full, fierce blaze of all those clustered lights; he raised a shaking hand, and pointed it at the startled pair round whom the interest centered—the erring wife, the unyielding husband.

"Young man, forgive her! You will all your life repent it, if you do not. You love her—then forgive her!"

He stopped. The sudden silence, the crowd of eager, wondering faces turned, every one, on him, recalled him to a sense of his position. He glanced about him piteously, as a child might.

"What have I done? I was thinking of my wife—my Nellie! Oh, I have lost her!" Then he staggered and fell.

The house was in a tumult. Children crying, men and women crowding nearer to find what it was all about.

"Let me pass," said Ellice. "It is Mr. Childerssohn; let me get to him. He must be taken away from here."

She made her way, followed by Henderson, who walked as one asleep, through the crowd, and kneeling by the old man, she took his head on her arm. Her husband was standing in the aisle, and she beckoned him.

"Get a carriage; we will take him home with us. He has only fainted from weakness. Go at once!"

It was not a dead faint; his eyelids quivered, his lips stirred with a painful gasp for breath. Some one proffered a flask of brandy, and a few drops poured into his mouth quickened the sluggish pulse of life in his veins, and brought a gleam of color to his cheeks once more.

He rose with difficulty to his feet, and stood trembling, leaning on Ellice's arm. He looked about him with dazed eyes.

"Forgive me, good friends," he said, "for spoiling your pleasure. Some cruel friends sent me here in mockery. The play was terribly real to me. They told me it was the story of a lost wife, and I came to see it. My darling has left me, too; I have lost her, but I have forgiven her. She was young, and fair, and trusting. I love her, and some day, when she comes back to me, she will see how I forgive her!"

"Hush!" pleaded Mrs. Shrewsbury, with gentle earnestness. "You are weak and worn out. Let us go home."

The crowd parted right and left and made a path for both of them to pass. On the stage the players were grouped in the old attitude, listening in dumb amazement.

"Ah! the old story," said a bystander. "Crazy—poor old gentleman."

"We must go home," repeated Mrs. Shrewsbury.

"Home!" said Mr. Childerssohn, wearily. "My home is very desolate now. My house is a house of mourning. My days are full of disappointment, my nights are wasted in tears and prayers for my darling! My darling! my darling! where are you?"

He bowed his white head on Ellice's shoulder. A murmur of pained and eager sympathy ran round. Karl Henderson stood like a figure carved out of rock. His face was as white as the linen at his throat, but where his teeth were locked upon his lower lip a drop of blood sprang and trickled down.

"Come," said Ellice, softly, again; "come, let us go."

They passed down the aisle amid murmured words of pity and astonishment, but ere they crossed the threshold the old man paused.

"I tell you, it is an awful sin to make a play of these sacred agonies of life. Oh!" and he raised his head with an expectant air, "tell me, where is she? Where is my darling?"

They drew him away. But a moment after, like a wave rolling back upon the sea, the whisper swept over the crowd within:

"Poor old man, he's crazy!"

CHAPTER X.

"BUT WHERE IS SHE, THE BRIDAL FLOWER."

In Mrs. Shrewsbury's house the old battle between Life and Death has been fought over again, and again Life is the victor. Not yet, not yet can Mr. Childerssohn put off the shadowy garment of mortality, for Nelly, his lost darling, has not yet been restored to him. His work is not yet done.

But though Death has retired vanquished from the field, the shadow of his presence still lingers. The battle was a brief one, and Mr. Childerssohn having risen triumphantly to a certain point of convalescence stays there. Nothing rouses him. In vain new doctors are called, new remedies tried. Day after day he lies in the same position in his bed, his eyes closed, his hands folded on the coverlet.

Sometimes, indeed, when a strange footstep chances to break the silence of the room, he looks up eagerly. But it is never the footstep that he waits to hear; the face that bends over him is never the face that used to lie against his heart, and his eyelids drop wearily.

Nevertheless, he is better, and the daily bulletin is no longer sent to Jennie—Jennie, who, according to her promise, waits in the sick man's home; waits and watches lest the wanderer by chance may come, and turn away again if there be no loving heart to greet her.

So two weeks, three weeks go by. Karl is sitting one evening with Mr. Shrewsbury in the parlor of Mr. Shrewsbury's house. A cheery fire is burning in the grate. The two gentlemen have drawn their chairs up to it, for the chilly air of late autumn makes its warmth very agreeable. Cigars, a plate heaped with biscuit and a bottle of Bordeaux occupied the table between them.

Mr. Shrewsbury is a big, blonde, beaming gentleman. Life has dealt so kindly by him that not so much as the shadow of a wrinkle lines his smooth forehead. He has a pleasant home, a charming wife, to whom he is perfectly devoted, affluence, and a choice circle of appreciative friends, and he wants only a good listener when he puts himself to the trouble to entertain.

To night he is silent from necessity. He makes two or three conversational ventures, which fail to draw his companion, yawns, and, finally, unburthens his mind as follows:

"I say, Henderson, don't look so glum. If you take that face with you to-morrow into court I wouldn't like to stand in your client's shoes. You look fit to be hanged yourself."

Henderson rouses himself with a forced smile.

"Well, I'll take myself off. I'm boring you, I see. The fact is, I am not fit for society now-a-days. You're very kind to tolerate me under the circumstances."

"You take things too much to heart. What is the use? It won't help the matter, your worrying. It might be a great deal worse, too. So, cheer up. Here, fill your glass."

Mr. Shrewsbury fills one of the thin, tall glasses, and passes it, sparkling and clear as light itself, to his gloomy companion.

"Worse! I don't see how matters

can well be worse than they are," says Karl, with something like a groan.

"Tush, man!" pursues his friend, cheerfully. "Don't be so faint-hearted. We've got a new man to see him—Marchmont. He is up there with him now, and may fetch him around. Ah! here he comes!"

The door opens. A tall, portly gentleman, with twinkling spectacles covering his eyes, enters and walks briskly up to the fire.

"Well, doctor, says Mr. Shrewsbury, rising, "what do you think of our patient upstairs? May we venture to ask your opinion?"

Dr. Marchmont turns his back coolly to the fire. Long experience, a large and varied practice, and a perfect knowledge of human nature, have made him trebly cautious. Though perfectly frank when perfectly assured, he is the last man to venture a hazardous opinion.

Henderson, too, has unconsciously risen. He stands fueing the doctor and watching him as he accepts with a slight nod, but a perfectly appreciative smile, the slender glass of wine which his host proffers. He opens his lips twice—first, to taste the contents of his glass; then to speak.

"Do I understand aright that Mr. Childersolm is suffering from a domestic trouble in the loss of his wife?" he says.

Mr. Shrewsbury bows. The doctor places his glass on the table.

"Let Mrs. Childersolm be restored to him. I understand there is a difficulty between them. Let it be removed, and I guarantee Mr. Childersolm ten more years of robust life; that is, the chances of them otherwise." And with these muscular remarks the doctor takes his leave.

The fire flashes up, and dies down again; dull shadows creep into the room; the house is quite silent, especially in this part, where the sick man's room is situated. At last Henderson bestirs himself. He looks terribly worn and anxious.

"Frank, will you do me a favor?"

"That depends. What is it? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, you know. Make it as light as possible."

"I want you to take a journey for me."

"A journey! Why does your selection fall on *me* of all people in the world? You know what a lazy body I am."

"Nonsense, Frank. I want a friend to act for me, and whom can I ask in this case but you?"

Frank's manner is not very enthusiastically, though he strives manfully to make it so.

"Well, what is it?"

He has an uneasy foreboding as of going to be invited to his own funeral.

"I want you to go into the country for me—up there to Childersolm's place. See Miss Allston. Find a clue, if there be one, to Mrs. Childersson's hiding-place, and I'll follow it to the end of the world but what I'll find her and bring her home here to her husband."

"Yes, that's very well thought of. My good fellow, why not go yourself?"

"For the very simple reason that I should not be admitted to the house. Miss Allston would not speak to me if she were to see me. She declines even to read my letter, and sends it back unopened."

"Serves you quite right, too," says Frank.

Mr. Henderson is not at all an humble person—not a person lightly to be spoken of or overlooked—but he swallows this remark of Mr. Shrewsbury's with a becoming semblance of humility. Mindful of all his shortcomings, he betrays no disposition to retort.

"I say, Karl, why not advertise?" asks his friend.

He does not exactly like the thought of a journey into the country at this time of the year and on such an errand. He would like to serve his friend, but in some other way, if just as well.

"Advertise!" repeats Karl, surprised.

"Certainly. Don't you know if we want to reach a person now-a-days, we do do either by the telegraph or newspaper. You must employ the newspaper. There is nothing more likely than that Mrs. Childersson is hiding somewhere in this very city. If so, an advertisement, properly worded, would be the surest way to get at her. Take my word and try it. If it fails, then I'll promise you I'll take the fool's errand into the country, as you desire."

Mr. Henderson hesitates; is uncertain, and goes home revolving the idea in his mind. He will, and he wont; and, finally, he does.

The advertisement is so pointed that he is sure she will understand, and only she. He signs the initial letter of his name, with his address, and so gives it to the world. He tells himself over and over that nothing will come of it, but for all that he waits the issue anxiously and with an unacknowledged hope.

The second day of its insertion in the paper, as he is closing his office at dusk, his errand-boy brings him an envelope—an envelope so thin that it fairly slips from his grasp as he takes it.

He opens it with a shaking hand. A printed slip falls from it. Nothing else? A second slip of paper, and on it a written address—a given street and number. That is all.

Has he found her now at last after this weary waiting?

He loses no time in following the clue. It is too late when he gets the note at night to see her, but the next morning, as early as practicable, finds him on the trail.

The street to which he is led is a quiet one in the lower part of the city. The house is a low brick building, set well back from the pavement, in what must have been in summer a very nest of shrubbery and trees. Karl recognizes it at once as a refuge built by French emigrants in the earlier history of Manhattan; not exactly a charitable institution, but a sort of retreat for elderly ladies of gentle birth and a conventional turn of mind, in which they receive for a certain consideration all the comforts of a home while occupying themselves with benevolent deeds. His only wonder is how Nellie found shelter there.

The door is opened to him by a middle-aged French woman—an upper servant he judges by her dress—black-eyed and voluble.

"Eh! the dear Madame Sheelderssolm?" she responds in answer to his inquiry. "Truly, thou wilt find her here, in the little parlor up the flight of stairs; the folding-doors to the left. But stay, I will show the way."

The hall into which Karl is thus cheerily ushered is conspicuous for its wonderful brightness and neatness. Stands of flowers, all bright with blossoms, fuchias and geraniums and scarlet running-vines, are ranged along the walls, and at the farther end, shut off by a glass door, is a room that, so far as he can see, is fitted up like a chapel.

He follows, with a wondering mind, the well-set, shapely feet as they step deliberately up the broad stairs.

"Poof! what a heat I am in!" says his conductress, stopping to fan herself as she reaches the landing, "and they tell me it is a sharp day without. I have been since sunrise in the kitchen; it is my work to make the soup for our poor dependents. Ah, the imbeciles! they have left the window open, and the flowers that one loves so well are over-[illegible]"

She adjusts a pot which a gust of wind from the large open window beyond has blown down, and while doing so she takes a deliberate survey of her visitor's personnel.

"Hast thou come to take our pretty sister Ellinor away from us?" she asks, curiously.

"I do not know," Karl answers, with some hesitation; "I have no authority. Mrs. Childersolm will do as she pleases about staying."

"Ah! that is well. She is so frail, so slight, and here we all love her and pray for her. Only this morning I said, 'the pretty strange lady is not long for this world.' Pesto! but I smell the soup burning. It will be spoiled. This is the door. Enter! enter!"

She knocks at the closed folding-doors, and then hurries away, as fast as her fat legs will carry her, down the stairs, leaving Karl to work his own uncertain will about going or retreating.

He waits a moment. He thinks, but is not quite sure, that he has heard a faint voice murmur, "Come!" He pushes back the door. He crosses, with awe-held feet, the threshold of the room.

How still it is! A large room, well lighted. Wicker chairs and sofas are placed here and there. Pictures are hung about the walls. A fire burns in the grate, but so stilly. The little tongues of flame leap up and curl around the bars, and then die down again. The cinders drop, but noiselessly. It is so still—so still in that great, sunlit room.

A window at the farther end, overlooking the smoky housetops, is wide open. A chair is drawn up before it, and in it sits a woman. He can see the outline of her form in a black dress, and the gleam of bright gold hair. He cannot see her face, for it is turned to the casement as if to drink in, thirstily, whatever draughts of cold air may be stirring this bright, calm day.

As Henderson comes toward her she hears his step, and turns. At sight of him she rises quickly, and then falls quickly back again, with her hand on her heart, as if the shock were too great for her to bear.

"It was you, then!" she murmured. "I thought it must be."

He tries to speak, but fails. He can only stare at her.

Can this faded woman, with hollow eyes looking twice their normal size from under their thick, purplish-black lashes, be the bright-haired creature who, but a few weeks ago, raced so merrily over the rocks at Newport, and danced the lingering hours of night away with such gay gladness? Her thin cheeks are stained with a hot flush that comes and goes uncertainly, and, though she has been sitting in the cold, keen air, her loosened hair clings damply to her cheeks and throat.

He takes the hand she holds out to him, and, in a great outburst of remorseful love and pity, covers it with tears and kisses. He forgets himself, forgets everything, when he sees the ravages that time—even this short time—and grief have worked in her childish beauty. He forgets that the hand he holds is the special property of the dying old man, for whose sake he has come in search of her.

"Oh, my God!" he murmurs, "how you have suffered—and for me!"

At the words a divine blush sweeps to her forehead. More hotly burn her cheeks than they did a moment ago, with the dreadful fever flush. Her lips curve softly; and then the burst of sobs that shakes him terrifies her.

"Hush! hush!" she whispers. "It is nothing; only I have fretted myself a little thin. Tell me why you have come here?"

Her words recall him to a sense of their actual position. He springs to his feet, and, in order to gain time in which to collect his scattered thoughts, walks to the further window and looks out.

Nellie's eyes follow him wistfully. While he stands there the door opens softly, and some one, he never knows who it was, enters. He is conscious of his great rudeness, but for the life of him he cannot turn and face the intruder. A moment's silence, and then the door opens and closes again. Is there the lightest hint of a noise as it shuts this time, and leaves the two—*friends*—alone together?

When he is conscious that they are left to themselves, Karl walks quickly back to Nellie. He has got his senses again, or at least he thinks he has. He will bid adieu to sentiment, and be the sage, cool counseller. If he overdoes the matter in the reaction, he does it, meaning for the best.

"I have come to take you to your husband, Nellie," he says, brusquely. "Can you get ready to go at once? Mr. Childersolm is quite ill."

Nellie snatches her hand angrily away. She flings her fair head back. The tender flush dies out of her face. Her eyes have a cold, bright glitter.

"Could you not leave me in peace?" she cries. "Why do you come here to tell me that? Oh, you are cruel, cruel! I leave all the wide world to you and him, and you will not leave me even this one spot where I may die in peace."

"Hush, Nellie! you don't know what you are saying. I tell you your husband is dying—dying for you. You must go to him, at once."

"Dying!" She repeats the word, musingly. "Dying! No, I think not. You only say it to frighten me. He is a strong man. He will recover. And, if he does die, he will be happy."

"Do you know," she goes on, solemnly, her faint voice perfectly clear in the strange silence of the room; "do you know, Karl, since I have been here I have been going over my past life with him. Hard as it was, I went over it, step by step, and looked at it in every light, and asked myself if it was my duty to go back to him. I tried to persuade myself that it was—and if I *had* so persuaded myself, I would have gone to him—but I could not. When every fibre of my being called out in fierce denial; when all my flesh crept in loathing at the mere thought of living as his wife, was it my duty to go back to him? Say, *was* it my duty? Should I have gone?"

He does not attempt to argue the question with her, or even answer it. He shirks it—shirks it, meanly, perhaps; but what is he that he should preach to her of the moral issue of things, or talk her of duty!

"What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

The words float vaguely through his mind, but he does not speak them; nor then, with a queer undertow of distrust he thinks:

"*Did* God join these two together? Had He any hand in it? Surely, surely when God *does* join two together, the none but God can sunder them? Man [illegible]

"But, if your husband is dying," Karl says, at last; "since he loves you and mourns for you, it will cost you but little to bear him company in his last hours. You will never regret doing that."

But Nellie shakes all her bright, curly hair, lying wearily back on the cushion of her chair.

"What good will it do in the end? It will only excite him needlessly, perhaps embitter him. The sight of me will bring back all the past. You are so cruel! Why do you torture me so?" she went on, still harping on the old theme. "I had found some piece of mind here. All here are so good."

"But you can come back," says Karl incautiously. "No doubt you can return some day."

"Do you think so," brightening. "Do you think I can return to-morrow, or, the most, in a few days?"

Henderson feels that he is treading on thin ice; it may break any moment under his feet, and he retreats precipitately.

"How can I answer for you, Nellie? I have no authority, you know."

He says it half tremblingly.

Still her soul shudders strongly at the trial set before her.

"See how even the thought of going affects me," she says, irritably.

She pushes back her sleeve, and reveals to him her bare, thin, trembling arm, and the shaking hand.

Karl takes it in his own, and it trembles no longer under his touch.

"Are you sorry for me, then?" she asks, simply.

She looks timidly up into the dark, handsome face bending over her.

"Sorry!" he repeats, "sorry! Don't you see, Nellie, how I am bound—how little I can act."

"But I could do so little good," she persists, going back to the old theme. "I am so little to him—indeed, indeed far less than you think. I was only a child in his estimation, a pet and plaything that he could coax and spoil in his wiser age. If he discussed me in any way, by word or actions, he never took the trouble to set himself right in my estimation. He bought me trinkets instead.

"Do you know," she went on, naively, "when I cried and asked to go to Newport with Ellice, he refused. But he offered, as a substitute, to take me some where to a *circus*."

"A circus!"

In spite of her earnestness, with her great blue eyes looking solemnly into his, Karl finds it difficult to repress a smile. He bends his lips to the little hand he is still holding, in order to hide it.

"I was a child, always a child, both in years and mind. I had not even the poor consolation of being considered his equal in mental stature, to make up for the dreary stretch of years between his youth, which had gone from him forever, and mine, whose brightness and freshness still lay warm about me when he took me to be his wife—unwillingly, Karl, oh, so unwillingly, his wife!"

How can he answer her? He has no words—not one. He leaves her and walks up and down the room once or twice. She watches him wistfully. When he stops before her, his face is very grave.

"Nelly," he says, and his voice is grave, too, "I ask you for the last time will you accompany me home? I made a vow only two nights ago, when they said your husband was dying because of your loss, that, if I could but find you, I would bring you back, willing or unwilling, by some means to the home from which, God forgive me! I fear I have driven you. But I leave it now to you, in own unbiassed decision. Will you go or stay?"

The unwonted gravity of his tone frightens her. Tears spring to her eyes as she closes them half fretfully for a moment. Then she drags herself up wearily from her chair.

"I will get myself ready," she says. "I will come in half an hour."

"God bless you!" he cries; but she is gone.

She comes back at the appointed time. Her face is stained with tears, and they descend into the street.

"Good bye, old house!" she breathes, as the door closes on them. "I've been happy here!" And, "Ah! it is always good bye!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM MR. ISRAEL FARJEON, No. 67 Nassau street, New York, a copy of a new Christmas story, entitled "The King of No-Land," by his brother, B. L. Farjeon. Published simultaneously by Harper Bros., in New York, Tinsley Bros., in London, and in Australia and New Zealand. Those who have read "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," "Golden Grain," and other Christmas stories by this charming writer, will be delighted with this new story, which, in our opinion, is even better than any he has yet written.

FROM E. B. TREAT, No. 805 Broadway, New York, "Centennial Games of American History," a fund of amusement, combined with instruction and profit, for the home circle. They are very neatly and tastefully gotten up on cards, and should become very popular, more especially at this season of the year.

FROM MISS AMANDA M. DOUGLASS, a copy of her recent work, "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," a book for boys and girls especially, but one that will be read both with pleasure and profit by children of a larger growth. The story throughout is bright and wholesome, and teaches a good lesson of love, labor and faith, and for a Christmas or New Year's Day present we know of nothing more appropriate. Published by W. F. Gill & Co., Boston, Mass.

A ROMANCE OF THE SCALPEL.

BY DR. A. W.

[CONCLUDED.]

Recovering his composure by a strong effort he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as was possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I were dead."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know it."

"I was married eight years ago. I married a lovely girl with your wife's hair and eyes, her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left this country the following day. I never even visited her grave, and now, after these years, I return to find your wife so like her in every feature and every look, that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak!" he shouted; "she *is* my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is a sound in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met *his* wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body-snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared——" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that restoration. "Will you come with me to the grave, that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of the men was the most to be pitied?

There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she cannot have forgotten me."

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor she has no memory of anything before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice, and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms round his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love,"—Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones—"tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember anything in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it!" cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, Andrew Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away!"

She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go!" shouted Holt, "or by——"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm."

He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on:

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!"

The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night?"

"I do not know," she said, "I cannot remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I cannot understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of anything before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony.

"You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife!" said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell it to her."

The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I cannot recollect; and, oh, Astley, I love only you!"

"She must come with me!" shouted Holt, savagely.

The demon had got the better of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair he wept like a child.

Astley roused him.

"Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy; I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and to-morrow I will see you again. Perhaps by that time I shall have thought of something for her."

Holt rose passively. "You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from anything that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting? When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me."

That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But he awoke a third time in the gray dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, a little before he died, said: "I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in, now and then, finding a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

FACETIÆ.

A BOOTLESS ENTERPRISE—Going barefoot.

FULL OF INTEREST—A long note overdue.

A WAIST OF TIME—That of a stout old lady.

QUARREL with dead men, and you won't get hurt.

IT is better to be flush in the pocket than in the face.

MARRIAGE—The altar on which man lays his wallet, and woman her affections.

A LADY positively refuses to eat corn starch lest it should impart stiffness to her manners.

A QUEER old chap in town has nicknamed his daughter Misery, because she loves company.

AN Omaha girl broke her back the other day while making her bed. An awful warning.

"FRED, how is your sweetheart?"

"Pretty well, I guess. She says I needn't call any more."

JOSH BILLINGS says that "if a man proposes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures corn as when he hollers glory hallelujer!"

THE late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker.

"Ha! there you are," cried a lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth; "at your idol again."

"Yes, madam," replied he, coolly, "burning it."

SAID an ambitious youth, one day, to a young lady:

"Don't you think I'd better dye my moustache?" caressing the infant progeny.

"I think, if you let it alone, it'll die itself," said the lady.

A GENTLEMAN was seated with other persons in a room where a country girl sat bolt upright and utterly silent. Silence, indeed, fell upon the entire party, and the gentleman first alluded to said, in what he supposed to be an almost inaudible tone of voice:

"Awful pause!"

"I guess, Mister," exclaimed the indignant country lass, jumping up, "you'd have awful paws, too, if you had to do the scrubbing that I does!"

SAID the master to Mary, sweet-lipped lass,
As she stood in her place at the head of the class;
"You can, my dear, decline 'a kiss,' no doubt?"
"I can," she replied, with a blush and a pout,
And a glance to the master's heart deeply there shot,
"But, sir, if you please, I would much rather not."

A CONTEMPORARY says: A twelve-year old boy, pretty well dressed, entered an office on Jefferson avenue, the day before Thanksgiving, and begged for twenty cents.

"Want it to buy a Thanksgiving dinner with?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"What'll you get—a chicken?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, very honestly. "We've got a turkey, and we want some oysters to stuff it with!"

The gentleman put his wallet back.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

WORD SQUARE.

1. An edible.
2. A man's name.
3. A part of the human body.
4. Solitary.
5. A marriage gift.

GAMMER.

ENIGMAS.

1.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 21, 11, 6, 10, is to repair.
My 8, 22, 16, is a name for a sailor.
My 18, 4, 3, 22, 14, 23, is to stay.
My 16, 13, 12, 19, is an animal.
My 20, 10, 7, is queer.
My 18, 17, 5, 3, is to wander.
My 9, 20, 1, 5, is a minute part.
My 15, 2, 21, 4, should never be wasted.
My whole is an old adage. DONNA.

2.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 12, 6, 14, 3, a girl's nickname.
My 2, 5, 13, 7, a space of time.
My 12, 6, 14, 15, a month of the year.
My 4, 10, 10, 8, a part of our body.
My 4, 3, 3, 1, parts of our body.
My 9, 6, 11, 4, a man's name.
My whole represents a day celebrated by the people of the United States.

FRANCES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a hood and leave a bird.
2. Behead a roof and leave skillful.
3. Behead a fruit and leave every one.
4. Behead a gem and leave a title.
5. Behead a bush and leave a weapon.
6. Behead an insect and leave a serpent.

FORT TOTTEN.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the letter "u" of more value than cream to the dairy maid?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 20.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 20, Vol. 54.

DIAMOND PUZZLES.—

1.
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  C
 ROT
CANDY
CONCORD
BROWN
 IRE
  D
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2.
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  C
 SHE
CHINA
 ANT
  A
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A CENTRAL PUZZLE.—
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APE
LOT
IRE
ATE
HUE
AGE
JAM
ALE
```

LOGOGRIPHS.—1. Cares, Caress. 2. Unite.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because they are so hard to find. 2. Because she can go from Pekin (picking) to Chusan (choosing). 3. Hope.

THE IVY LEAF.

BY AGNES STONEHEWER.

Fling garlands of flow'rs to the young and fair,
Let them tread on the roses of life;
Let them cull for their blossoms or far their hair,
Time will soon eno' strip them and now thorns there:
The petals will fall, e'en with tend'rest care,
For earth with destruction is rife.

But bring me a leaf from the ivy tree,
Pluck it fresh in its beautiful hue;
And whisper quite low as you give it to me,
That unchanging as this little leaf will be,
Enduring and clinging most faithfully,
Shall your love remain firm and true.

Flow'rs may wither and die, joys soon are fled;
But this leaf, like true love, cannot die.
Strew flow'rs—earth's fair off'rings—o'er graves of the dead;
Wreathe with flow'rs—brief delights—the young visitor's head,
Bring flowers—sweet hopes—for the bride to tread,
But *this leaf* for my life, say I!

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

(This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

"MY WHALE, BOYS."

The Harpoon started on the second long stretch, but no one on board had the slightest hope that they would succeed in finding the boy. No one doubted in the least that Dick had gone down in the darkness on the fatal night when he had been swept from the deck of the Dolphin. The barque stood out on her new course swiftly, and the Antelope was soon hull down on the other tack.

"I wouldn't do this for many fellows on this sea," said Captain Roberts, "but Walt Dunlap and I have been friends for many a year, and he'd do as much for me. Keep a bright lookout, boys; fifty dollars reward for the man who sees him first, and *I* don't doubt that Walt will make it a good deal more."

"On deck, there!" cried the lookout on the maintopmast crosstree.

"In the maintop!" cried the captain. "What do you see?"

"Something lying on the water, three points off the lee bow. Looks like a whale, sir; but there is a signal of some kind on it."

"Some one has struck a whale and marked it. Do you think it is a dead whale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Head for it, you at the wheel; northeast by east."

"Northeast by east," repeated the man at the wheel.

"Keep her so; steady!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The barque approached the whale rapidly, and they could soon make it out from the deck. A large sperm whale, lying upon the now calm surface of the sea, with some sort of flagstaff planted in the blubber, from which floated a flag.

"Can you make out the flag, captain," said the first mate, as Roberts leveled his glass. "I can't make anything out of it, myself."

"It's a queer thing, anyhow," replied the captain. "A flag! It's a dish-rag, if anything, for it is of no nation I ever heard of."

"Perhaps it is the flag of some great whaling house."

"Where is the name, then? All of these houses stamp their initials on their flags, as far as I know. Can you make out a strange object just at the foot of the staff?"

"I think I can. See here, captain, it may be that the whale is worth looking at, and if that is so, the Harpoon can't afford to throw away the chance on sentiment. It's no use looking for the boy; he's down among the coral, long ago."

"I promised Walt to give him a day, and I'll keep my word."

"You can make sure of this whale and keep your word all the same. Don't you see; all you've got to do is to lower a boat and send it to the whale, while you stand on your course for a league or so; only don't go far enough to meet the Antelope. Then go about and head for the whale again, and by that time we will know all about it."

"Your plan is a good one, Mr. East," said the captain. "Order away your boat's crew."

"Lower away number two boat; all the crew of number two, jump!"

The men took their places in the boat, which hung on the larboard quarter. A moment later she dropped into the water, Mr. East holding the steering-oar, while the Harpoon stood on her course.

"Take your time, lads," said East, as the boat glided through the water. "That whale won't run away, for he is as dead as old Pharo. Can you make out any irons in him, boys?"

"Nary an iron," replied the harpooner. "It's a queer thing; perhaps a thrasher fixed him."

The thrasher is a huge fish which sometimes aids the swordfish in destroying the sperm whale, and he takes his name from his mode of attack, which is to deal powerful blows with his tail upon the back of his giant enemy, while the swordfish pierces him from beneath. Those natural enemies of the whale seem to understand each other and act in concert. You have seen the hawk, or crow, pursued by that pugnacious foe the kingbird, attacking his ponderous enemy, swooping down from above at the same moment that his companions attack from below. As the kingbird chases his enemy through the air, so the swordfish and thrasher pursue the whale through the sea.

"It might be, Mr. East," said the harpooner; "but a thrasher couldn't set a signal in the back of a whale. Pull away, mates; I want to understand this business as quick as possible."

The boat flew through the water, and approached the whale in front. They were now certain that he was dead, for his blood had stained the water all about him and they could see the sharks working underneath.

"This is a good job, boys," said the mate, eagerly. "That's a hundred barrel whale, and he has only been dead a few hours. What does that flag look like to you now, harpooner?"

"Looks like a shirt," replied the man. "Anyhow, we'll claim this whale, and it would tickle me almost to death to see any one get it away from the good whaler Harpoon. They'd have to fight for it, anyway."

"Bet your life," said the mate, shortly.

"It's a good whale, and no mis. Johnny Bull, Dutch, or Yankee, shall have it from us."

The boat was now lying close to the ponderous head of the whale, and while one of the men fastened on with a boathook, the harpooner stepped on the head, steadying himself with his harpoon. He had hardly done so when they heard him utter a shout of surprise.

"Come up here, Mr. East, quick!"

The mate ran along the thwarts with his lance in his hand, and leaped upon the dead whale. A strange sight he saw, one which he never tired of relating in the after years. A handsome boy, with his rich hair curling about a forehead bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, a rope about his waist made fast to the upright handle of an oar, and one arm curled about the oar to keep him steady, lay fast asleep. And what puzzled them was this: the boy slept as sweetly, and seemed as much at ease, as if he lay on a hair mattress in a luxurious room at home.

"Ain't it a picture?" said the harpooner. "Mr. East, what if this should be the boy we are looking after?"

"How the deuce would he get on this whale?"

"There's a spar alongside; maybe he floated on that."

"I wouldn't wonder; shall we wake him now?"

"I don't like to, he seems to be enjoying himself so well. I've seen some cool ones in my time, but I wish I may never die if I ever saw one so cool as this chap. Asleep on a whale; haw! haw! haw!"

"Keep still, you crow; that cawing of yours would wake the dead. Look after the old Harpoon, and see if she has gone about yet."

"They are wearing now, Mr. East. There she comes about, the beauty. It would do my heart good to have a race with the Antelope on a wind."

"We'd beat her on a wind, but she would run away from us with the wind abeam."

"I reckon she would, Mr. East. There; he is waking!"

Dick half started from his recumbent position, and looked about him. He saw the grim figures of the mate and the harpooner, one leaning upon his harpoon, and the other on his lance; the boat alongside, with its row of astonished occupants; and he rose, equal to the occasion.

"My whale, boys!" he said, pointing to his signal. "I claimed it long ago, in the name of the United States of America."

The mate burst into a roar at this announcement, and he was heartily joined by the men.

"See here, young 'un," said Mr. East. "I want to know who you are."

"Did you ever read the Arabian Nights?" demanded the owner of the whale.

"Yes."

"Ever hear of Sinbad the Sailor?"

"Certainly."

"That's me," said the boy, quietly. "I'm old Sinbad, and I have managed to renew my youth."

"Oh," said the mate, "I think we will give you a lesson, my joker. You are Sinbad the Sailor and a Mohammedan. Now we sailors are particular, and we don't allow any of your breed aboard our ships. Good-bye."

"Hold on," said Dick. "I used to be a Mohammedan, but I've changed my faith."

"Then you are a renegade, and that is worse. Good-bye, Sinbad the Sailor."

"Go it," said Dick. "One thing I do know, you are a Yankee whaler, and you'll never leave this whale while there is a chance for a deal, Turk or no Turk."

"You are a right smart boy," said East, laughing. "Now don't have any more fooling, but tell me your name."

"Dick Fenton."

"Hurrah! Lost from the whaler Dolphin?"

"Yes. How did you know it?"

"Hip, hip, hip—hurrah! Three times three for the old flag! E pluribus unum, and Erin go Bragh! I'm as light as a feather; I only weigh two ounces and a half."

The mate indulged in a frantic "breakdown" on the back of the whale, in which the harpooner joined, while Dick looked at them with a smile.

"If I understand you, mates," he said, "you have been looking for me, and are so glad to save me that you forget that I might claim this whale. But see here; I don't want it, and all I ask is a passage home to the States. I am a good sailor and a harpooner, and can work my way."

"Work your way!" cried the mate. "Do you see that sail, hull down to the west?"

"I see her now; you came from that barque closer in, did you not?"

"Yes; that's our barky. But the schooner to the east is the Antelope, sent out by your uncle to bring you home."

Dick looked at him for a moment with a quivering lip. He knew that his uncle loved him, but he did not dream that he would go so far as to fit out a ship to bring him home.

"Don't say a word to me for a moment, men," he said, "or as sure as you live I will turn baby."

He covered his face with his hands, and did not speak for some moments. Then he looked up, with the traces of tears upon his cheeks.

"Dear old uncle," he said. "I knew that he loved me better than anything else on this earth, but I did not think he would take that trouble for me. Did you see the Dolphin?"

"She gave you up for lost, and headed for Honolulu. The Antelope will run her down long before she gets to that port."

"I wouldn't go back with any man, unless I had seen Tatty," replied Dick. "I mean the half-breed Kanaka harpooner in Captain Tom's boat."

"You like old Tatty, then? I like you for that, because a better messmate does not walk a deck upon these seas. Stick your harpoon in the blubber, Jack," he said to his harpooner, "and then get out that old blunderbuss of a pistol and signal the barque."

The harpooner obeyed, and the huge horse-pistol which he wore sounded out across the sea. The boat left the whale, the course of the ship was changed, and they met half way. Mr. East sprang upon the deck like a mad man, pushing every one out of his path, and rushing to the signal gun forward, touched it off.

"Why did you fire the gun?" cried the captain, eagerly.

"We've got him!" replied the mate. "Here stands the boy Dick Fenton, saved from the sea!"

And the crew of the Harpoon shouted until the sea rang again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE END OF THE SEARCH.

Before the uproarious greeting of the crew of the Flying Harpoon was over, the Antelope had changed her course, and was coming down upon them with the wind over her quarter, her best point of sailing. The heart of Walter Dunlap beat high, for he knew that the captain of the Flying Harpoon would not have given the signal unless he had something of real importance to communicate. Yet he hardly dared to hope that Dick had been saved, and the moments were anxious ones which were occupied in running the three leagues which separated him from his friend's ship. Yet he knew that it must be something of the utmost importance, and he had some hope.

Caspar Deane did not like it. Why had the Harpoon fired the signal to bring them back? Was the luck of the boy again in the ascendant, and had he been saved from the sea?

"What was the signal you agreed on if he should be found, after the first gun was fired?" asked Mr. Wallace.

"Wait ten minutes and then fire two guns, at intervals of a minute each, if he is alive."

"And if he is dead?"

"Three guns in the same way."

Boom!

"There goes one gun, at any rate," cried the mate, eagerly. "They have found him, alive or dead."

The news spread through the ship in an instant, and a pallor like that of death crept into the face of Caspar Deane.

One gun, and they waited until the minute passed by.

Boom!

Two guns, and if they heard no more he was alive! Those sixty seconds which followed were terrible to the crew of the Antelope, but their agony of suspense was nothing to that of Caspar Deane's. He held his watch in his hand, and looked at the second-hand as it measured off the time. Fifteen seconds, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and his heart seemed to have stopped beating. The hand touched the minute, and passed by, and there was no report. They waited a few seconds longer, and then the cheer which went up from the deck of the Antelope might have been heard aboard the Flying Harpoon, miles away.

Caspar Deane reeled back as if he had received a mortal blow, and leaned against the bulwark for support. Recovering himself quickly, he went to the captain, who started as he saw his white face.

"You are sick, Deane," he said, quickly.

"I am, sir. Can I go below and turn in?"

"You are relieved from duty for the present," replied the captain, kindly. "Go below at once."

He disappeared immediately, and the surgeon went down to prescribe for him. He was puzzled by the symptoms, and yet it was plain enough that the man was deathly sick.

"You are excited, Deane," he said, with his hand upon the sick man's pulse. "I shall give you some valerian to quiet your nerves, and you must try to sleep, and of all things you must be quiet. It won't do for you to stay in the forecastle, for the men don't like you overmuch and would not keep quiet. I will give you my state-room, and I will go into the captain's cabin."

"Thank you," said Deane, feebly. "Perhaps you are right, and if you will help me I will go there at once."

He was hardly able to go up the companion-ladder, and when he reached the state-room he dropped into the bunk in a dead faint. The surgeon removed his clothing, administered a dose of valerian, and sat by him until his sleep became natural.

What had robbed this strong man of his strength so suddenly?

The surgeon owned himself puzzled, and still sat by the bunk until the confusion on deck warned him that they were wearing the Harpoon. He ran on deck at once.

He found the Antelope lying to, close aboard of the Flying Harpoon, while the crew of the schooner were cheering an active-looking young man who was perched on the bowsprit of the barque, holding on by the jibstay, and waving his cap in return. It was Dick Fenton, and the cruise of the Antelope in search of the kidnapped boy had been rewarded with success.

"Take your passenger out of this barque, you Antelopes! Hurry up, you sea-draft! We have done our work and taken our pay, for yonder whale is ours, given us by this boy!" cried Captain Roberts, in great apparent fury.

"I only want one thing, captain," said Dick. "That whale was killed by a swordfish, and the swordfish is fast underneath. I want his beak to take home with me, if I can get it."

"Leave that to me," said the captain; "I'll send it to you from Honolulu by the first ship that sails."

"Remember the address: 'Richard Fenton, care of Richard Fenton, senior, Charlestown, Massachusetts.'" Here comes the boat from the Antelope."

"I can't wait to thank you as I would like to, old friend," said Dunlap, rising in his boat to shake hands with the captain of the Harpoon. "The best of luck on the whaling grounds and a safe voyage home is the worst wish I have for you. Come along, Mr. Fenton; I want to get Honolulu as soon as possible."

Dick shook hands with the captain and mates, waved his hand to the crew, and jumped into the boat, taking his seat beside the captain in the sternsheets. As he did so his eyes rested upon the face of Black Rodger, who, much against his will, had been forced to take a seat in the boat.

"I say, Captain Dunlap," Dick said, in a low tone, "where did you pick up that man at number three?"

"He smuggled himself aboard at Honolulu, and I have not been able to get rid of him since. Do you know him?"

"He was one of the crew of the Dolphin who tried to kill me twice. He was to be sent back to the States to be tried for crimes committed there, but no doubt he escaped from the custody of the consul."

"He is a dangerous man, then?"

"Very much so; I should hardly feel safe if he were permitted to go at large on the schooner."

During this conversation, after the first glance, Dick had not looked at Bates, and that worthy began to hope that he had been forgotten. The captain did not speak, but the moment he reached the deck he spoke to the first mate, who, with another man, stepped forward and seized the wrecker before his feet had fairly touched the deck.

"Take him to the 'brig,' said the captain. "That shall be his home until we reach Boston, when I will hand him over to the proper authorities. Make sail, Mr. Wallace, and head for Honolulu. You know the course."

Mr. Wallace gave the necessary orders, while Black Rodger, raving like a madman, was taken below and confined in the brig after every weapon had been taken from him.

"See here!" he howled, addressing the second mate, "why don't you send Caspar Deane to keep me company? He's every bit as bad as I am."

"It wouldn't surprise me if you were right, my man," replied the mate. "Now you keep quiet and we won't put the darbies on you; but kick up a muss, and you will be anchored by the heels all through the voyage."

"I'd like to see Deane," said Black Rodger, humbly.

"You can't see him."

"Why?"

"He went below, sick, just after we heard the signal guns of the Harpoon."

"He's shamming then, because he did not want Gentleman Dick to see him."

"The doctor says that he is threatened with ship-fever, and he ought to know."

"Maybe I'm wrong," said Bates. "Anyhow, you fellows might tell me when he gets well, I think."

"I'll do that much for you, myself. But it is likely that he will come and see you as soon as he can, as you were good friends. Take care of yourself, and don't try to break out of the brig, or it may be the worse for you."

The mate went away, after locking the brig and securing the key, and Black Rodger sank down in a corner, a prey to despair. He had hoped to escape from the Antelope to some other whaler, and, in time, to reach Australia, that paradise of criminals, where he would be safe.

And now he was on board a ship bound for Boston, and New England was not the country he most desired to visit.

He distrusted Caspar Deane, and began to think that he had abandoned him, and was shamming sick so as not to be recognized by Dick Fenton. Still the doctor said that he was really sick, and it would not do to move against him until he was certain. Perhaps he was only keeping out of the way until he had a chance to strike a blow at the boy whom he hated, and, if so, it was best to wait, for if Dick were dead, who could witness against him among the crew of the Antelope?

"I'll wait," he muttered. "I'll give him a week, and, if at the end of that time he does not come to see me, I'll send for Gentleman Dick, and tell him to go and look at Caspar Deane, and see if he knows him."

And, having made up his mind, he dropped into the bunk in the brig, and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FACE TO FACE.

Caspar Deane was not "shamming," as his former friend supposed. He was deathly sick, and yet if you had asked him the nature of his sickness, he could not have told you. Men of the strongest nerve, and few men were equal to Caspar Deane in this, show the most the blow which they have received when their nerves are once unstrung. And the appearance of Gentleman Dick had been too much even for Deane.

He began to get better under the care of the surgeon, but he had a horror of seeing any one. When any man entered the stateroom, except the surgeon, he would turn his face to the wall and refuse to see him upon any pretext. The captain, Mr. Wallace, and others had tried to talk to him, but it was of no avail.

"I can't and won't talk to them, doctor!" he cried, angrily, "and, if you don't want to kill me, you had better keep them out of the room."

So the surgeon issued his edict, that no one was to go into the room except himself and the black steward, Cato, to whom Caspar seemed to have no objections.

"Where is Rodger Bates?" he demanded, on the third day.

"He is in the brig. Mr. Richard Fenton recognized him as a desperate fellow who had attempted his life on board the Dolphin, and he is to be kept in confinement until we reach Boston."

"Ha! Mr. Richard Fenton has good eyes, then. I say, how did he escape?"

"If you will promise not to get excited, I will tell you. I don't have many patients, and I don't care to lose the only one I have."

"I am all right. Tell me."

The surgeon recounted the manner of Dick Fenton's escape, and Caspar Deane listened with his face to the wall.

"Some men have the devil's own luck, don't they?" he said. "He escaped from Black Rodger in the Dolphin; he escaped from Dan Forsythe; he escaped from the sea, and all in a wonderful manner. That boy is bound to come out all right, when better men go under."

"He seems to be a noble young fellow, and we quite love him already."

"Of course," replied Deane, bitterly. "Wasn't it always so, from his cradle up? You leave me alone now, and let me sleep."

"Wait a moment. I must make you up some medicine."

The doctor opened his chest and took out two small vials, containing the mixtures which he used in making up the medicine for Deane.

"What is that in the vial with the glass stopper?" he said.

"That is a poison, the sort which has been immortalized in Dumas' 'Monte Christo.'"

"Brucine?" said Deane, laughing. "Be careful how you give it to me."

"I know my business, my dear fellow," replied the doctor. "At the same time I would not advise any man with an unsteady hand to risk this medicine, or he might make a bad mistake."

"Is it a deadly poison?"

"None more so, as a man might die from its effects, and nine doctors out of ten would call the death natural."

Caspar said no more, but watched the doctor as he returned the little vials to their places. The doctor caught his eye for an instant as he bent over his chest, and a peculiar light passed over his face.

"I must make this label plainer," he said, picking up the bottle quickly.

Taking a pen from his desk, he marked on the label, in plain letters, "Brucine—Poison," and replaced it in his case. This done, he gave his patient a dose of his preparation, and left the room.

The doctor's stateroom opened into the main cabin. The upper part of the door was of glass, which was covered by a little curtain. The moment the surgeon left the room, Caspar Deane sprung to his feet, apparently as strong as ever, and peeped through a corner of the curtain into the main cabin, where the captain, Mr. Wallace and Dick were seated about the cabin table.

The captain and mate were drinking wine, and Dick had a rich lemonade before him, as he did not drink wine or liquors.

"There he is!" muttered Deane, with a demoniac look in his eyes. "He is going home in triumph, as after a pleasure excursion."

At this moment one of the men ran into the cabin without ceremony.

"The compliments of the second mate, gentlemen," he said, "and would you like to see a waterspout?"

The party rushed on deck at once, and the cabin was empty. Deane had not hoped for such an opportunity, but he determined to improve it. Dick Fenton had escaped every one thus far; this time he should not escape.

Darting to the doctor's chest, he flung back the lid, took out the newly-marked bottle of brucine, and rushed into the cabin. Removing the stopper, he poured into Dick's lemonade enough to kill ten men, replaced the stopper, and darted back. If Dick drank that lemonade now, he was doomed!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SITTING UPON A MAN" IN PERSIA.

The practice of "sitting upon a man," as it is called, universally prevails in Persia, and it is not easy to deal with it. Still, it may be dealt with; and Sir John M'Neill, a shrewd old Scotch diplomatist, who was once accredited to the Persian Court, contrived to get rid of a Persian who had tried to "sit" upon him by a rather clever device. At the New Year, which is kept as a great festival in Persia, religious mendicants go about, not so much asking for alms, as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally tax a foreign ambassador rather highly, and one of them, a dervish, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John M'Neill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused; and, as he would not give more, the dervish proceeded to "sit" upon him. He established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows; and every now and then during the day, and whenever he woke up at night, this dervish set up a horrible hullabaloo, and blew a cracked trumpet. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervish's tricks and eject him by force; but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon the dervish. "Get rid of him if you can," said they, laughing, as they were wont to do at a minister's perplexity; "but do not touch him."

"Very well," said Sir John, drily; and he sent for a bricklayer. "Build me a wall round that howling beggar in my garden," said Sir John to the bricklayer, "and then roof it in." The dervish looked on composedly while the wall rose slowly round him, and made more noise than ever; but, when he perceived that they really meant to shut him up in the tomb alive, he jumped over the lowest part of the wall and rushed away like a maniac. Sir John was probably the only European who ever got the better of a dervish.

THE WORLD'S STEAM POWER.—Dr. Engel, Director of the Prussian Statistical Bureau, has endeavored, with only partial success, to find out the amount of steam power in use in the world. The returns for stationary steam engines include only old and partial reports for five countries, including the United States, Great Britain, and France. The number of engines in five countries, according to reports, some of which were prepared in 1860, was 121,755, and the horse power 2,761,880. Dr. Engel estimates that there cannot be less than 150,000 stationary engines, with from two to three and a half millions of horse power, in the world. The returns with reference to locomotives and their power are much fuller, although they also are incomplete, and some of them dated four years ago. The total number of locomotives embraced in these returns is 45,467. It is estimated that there are at least fifty thousand locomotives, with an aggregate of ten million horse power.

The ocean steamers, according to the returns, number 5,255. The estimated horse power of steam engines, stationary, locomotive, and marine, is 14,400. The United States leads the world in the number of its stationary and locomotive engines, but Great Britain is credited with having more steam vessels and more tonnage than all the rest of the world. The effect of the great use made of steam power in place of horse power is said to have been shown in a greatly diminished rate of increase in the number of horses raised in European countries, but no returns are given. In the United States there were 4,336,000 horses in 1850; 6,245,000 in 1860, and 7,145,000 in 1870. The rate of increase from 1850 to 1860 was 44 per cent., but from 1860 to 1870 it was only 14 per cent.

CONSCIENCE'S PROMISSORY NOTES.—We read with amusement the description of Wilkins Micawber's promissory notes—how, with him, the signing of such promises to pay were equivalent to handing over the cash itself; but we neglect to draw a moral from the pleasant fiction. Do we not, all of us, over and over again, make good resolutions, when convinced of wrong-doing, which are but promissory notes to conscience? Notes which we seldom take up, by the way, though we forget that our honor is compromised by the omission. It is so easy to promise! If we are remiss in our duty towards a loved one, a few kind words, a promise for future amendment, in our opinion, compensates for all past neglect; but if that loved one dies are we have time to render compensation—what then? Ah, friends, if individuals would only keep their promises toward the living! This is the neglect we must deplore. Many times promises never seem to be fully realized till the one who called them forth lies silent in death, till the "too late" stares us in the face, and removes our every opportunity.

ETERNITY is a solemn word, and a solemn world. The soul of man shrinks back with dismay and dread from entering that mysterious abode of spirits. And yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it, and enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure loving, who tread our streets dark shores, how soon they must launch away on that untried ocean!

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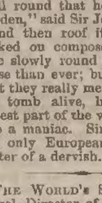

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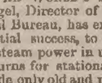

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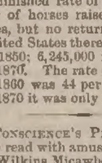

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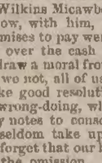

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The Boudoir

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

We have many charming costumes to describe this week, both for street and house wear. First we will mention two very pretty morning dresses or peignoirs which we have seen.

One was of Scotch plaid, cut princess shape, with a deep bias flounce at the bottom, headed by a bias band three inches wide, and piped on each side with dark blue faille. Large square pockets and cuffs of plaid, piped also with blue faille, complete this simple yet pretty robe. Large buttons covered with the faille, fastened the front. A small band of blue faille was placed around the neck, inside of which was a double ruche of very sheer Swiss muslin.

The other peignoir was of fine hair-striped poplin. The foundation color a pale drab, the stripe black. The shape of this peignoir was similar to the one just described. The pockets and cuffs being pointed at the bottom, gave a different effect. Down each side of the front were bias pieces of the material, piped on each side with black gros grain. Buttons and standing collar of black gros grain.

A pretty coiffure to accompany such costumes was arranged in this manner. The front hair was parted and loosely waved on either side. The side locks were combed well up towards the top of the head, and there the ends were formed into a large rouleau or pouff. The back hair was not braided, but simply looped in a short hanging twist, tied with a black faille ribbon, which had long hanging ends.

Next we shall describe a polonaise or pardessus suitable for traveling or a morning promenade. It can be made of twilled serge, camel's hair, vigogne, or any other similar stuff of woolen.

The shape is a long, deep polonaise, tight fitting and double, braided with collar and revers of black silk or velvet. A double row of buttons, covered with material to correspond with that of the collar, is placed down the front. Rounded pockets of silk or velvet, trimmed across with three rouleaux of the same, are placed high up on each side of the front. Cuffs of the same, with a like trimming, complete the half-tight fitting sleeves. The back, which is full, is looped in three places by buttons and loops put on outside. The buttons are the same as those on the front of the garment, and the loops of twisted silk cord. A belt of the material, bound with either silk or velvet, and fastening in the back with a hook and eye—over which is placed a diamond-shaped piece of the material, bound around the edges, and ornamented in the centre with a button. Two similarly shaped pieces are placed upon the belt, under each arm or side seam. When the trimming and buttons of this garment are of velvet, and it is worn over a plain velvet or velveteen underskirt—black, of course—the effect is exceedingly stylish.

There is a slight change in overskirts; some are made shorter in front. Many very elegant costumes have no overskirts at all.

One very striking toilette for driving or visiting was made of Havana brown silk, the front laid in wide kilt plaits as far as the knee; then a band of satin a shade darker, and placed so as to form a rounded shape, was put above the plaits; next a puffing of the silk; then a narrower band of satin; then a second puffing, headed by a small upright frill. The back widths have four overlapping flounces, eight inches in depth, each one piped one inch from the bottom, with a narrow rouleau of satin. The basque waist is trimmed with a piping and two folds of satin. The sleeve is half tight-fitting, and has a pleated frill of satin just above the wrist.

We noticed a remarkably stylish jacket of dark-blue diagonal cloth, cut tight-fitting, with skirts longer in the back than the ordinary English walking jacket. At the side the seams are left open, and bound with the wide mohair braid so much in vogue; the side skirts extend far over the hips, and low down on them are placed large, square pockets, which have a button on each end, and a bow and ends of thick faille ribbon in the centre; large, square cuffs on the sleeves, and collar with revers.

Another costume, also of silk, of a shade between a drab and pale brown, was made with a plain front, trimmed diagonally across with two sections of knife blade pleating. Three deep flounces, edged with satin of a darker shade, and headed with an upright frill of satin, trim the back. A band of silver fox fur is carried down the side of the dress where the flounces join the front trimming. A dolman of gray cloth, trimmed with bands of satin to match that used for the dress, and bordered with silver fox fur, complete the costume. A boa and muff of silver fox fur are worn with this costume.

We will describe some very pretty hats which we have seen. One was of gray felt, turned up all around, and bound with dark-blue velvet. A double bow of the velvet is placed at the left side. In the centre of it is a buff rose. Three upright loops of the velvet are upon the same side, against the crown. A long gray plume, and small blue tips, complete the trimming.

A hat of dark, plum-colored velvet, had the brim rolled up on each side. Four roses were placed on the left side, under the brim, the two first small, the centre one large. The color was a light, sulphur yellow. Loops of plum-colored gros grain ribbon are placed in front, and a full, though not long, white plume falls over the crown.

Another, of black velvet, had a scarf of white twilled India silk, fringed on the ends, was twisted loosely about the crown, and tied in a knot and two loops at the back. A bright-winged bird is placed above this knot, and loops directly at the back. A plume of shaded white and gray falls over from the front. This hat was for the theatre or opera.

Another, for the street, was of black velvet, with the brim turned up at the sides, and a band of velvet, composed of five overlapping folds, passed across the left side. A similar band is placed around the crown, and a large loose tousagle in front. Just back of that is a cardinal bird, and falling back a full ostrich plume, black.

A bonnet of black velvet has the flaring upright brim, lined with black gros grain, and just in front, above the forehead, a carelessly-folded or twisted scarf of black gros grain and two full-blown Provence roses, with the petals very loose. Two ostrich-tips fall over towards the crown, and long streamers and loops of black faille ribbon are placed at the back.

We must mention that for little girls of from eight to twelve overskirts are not fashionable. A plain kilted skirt, with the front trimmed in any fanciful way, and a basque, either tight-fitting or half-loose, is the style most in vogue.

White silk neckties, plain or embroidered, with deep knotted silk fringe, are very much worn; more so than colored ones.

Silk mufflers are still fashionable, and lace scarfs are more fashionable than the unhealthy boas. Muffs are a necessity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss M. R.—Your inquiries have been answered about the lead comb and price sent. We fear, however, that you will find no permanent good result from the use of it. The coloring given only continues while you use the comb; still, if you are so distressed about your auburn hair, use one by all means. We can forward it on receipt of price.

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MRS. NETTIE CARSON.—Your patterns have been sent two or three weeks ago. We are very sorry that your mails are so much delayed; but, of course, we cannot be accountable for such accidents. We attend with the greatest promptness to all orders received, filling them the same day we receive the money for the purchase of goods. Hope by this time you have your package of patterns.

ENGLISH COTTAGES.

Some of these cottages, in summer-time, really approach something of that Arcadian beauty which is supposed to prevail in the country. Every thing, of course, depends upon the character of the inmates. The dull tint of the thatch is relieved here and there by great patches of sillgreen, which is religiously preserved as a good herb, though the exact ailments for which it is "good" are often forgotten. One end of the cottage is often completely hidden with ivy, and woodbine grows in thickest profusion over the porch. Near the door there are almost always a few cabbage-rose trees, and under the windows grow wall-flowers and hollyhocks, sweet-peas, columbine, and sometimes the graceful lilies of the valley. The garden stretches in a long strip from the door, one mass of green. It is enclosed by thick hedges, over which the dog-rose grows, and the wild-convolvulus will blossom in the autumn. Trees fill up every available space and corner—apple-trees, pear-trees, damsons, plums, bullaces—all varieties. The cottagers seem to like to have at least one tree of every sort. These trees look very nice in the spring, when the apple-blossom is out, and again in the autumn, when the fruit is ripe. Under the trees are goose-berry bushes, raspberries, and numbers of currants. The patches are divided into stripe, producing potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, onions, radishes, parsnips; in this kitchen produce, as with fruit, they like to possess a few of all kinds: There is generally a great bunch of rhubarb. In odd corners there are sure to be a few specimens of southern wood, mugwort, and other herbs, not for use, but from adherence to the old customs. The "old people" thought much of these "yherbs," so they must have some, too, as well as a little mint and similar potherbs. In the windows you may see two or three germiums, and, over the porch, a wicker cage, in which the "ousel-cock, with orange-tawny bill," pours out his rich, melodious notes. There is hardly a cottage without its captive bird, or tame rabbit, or mongrel cur, which seems as much attached to his master as more highbred dogs to their owners.

These better cottages are extremely pleasing to look upon. There is an old English, homely look about them. To the eye, the thatch and gables, and picturesque irregularity of this class of cottages, are more pleasing than the modern glaring red, prim slate of dwellings built to order, where everything is cut with a precise uniformity. If a man can be encouraged to build his own house, depend upon it is better for him and his neighbors than that he should live in one which is not his own. The sense of ownership engenders a pride in the place, and all his better feelings are called into play. Some of these cottagers, living in such houses as these, are the very best laborers to be had. They stay on one farm a lifetime, and never leave it—an invaluable aid to a farmer. They frequently possess some little special knowledge of carpentering or blacksmith's work, which renders them extremely useful, and at the same time increases their earnings. These men are the real, true peasantry, quiet and peaceful, yet strong and courageous. These are the class that should be encouraged by every possible means; a man who keeps his little habitation in the state we have described, who ornaments it within, and fills his garden with fruit and flowers, though he may be unable to read or to speak correctly, is nevertheless a good and useful citizen, and an addition to the stability of the state.

CHRISTMAS LESSONS.—The lessons which the Christmas season teaches are manifold. There can be do doubt relative to the purely religious aspect which it presents to us, and the encouragement which it offers to all who reflect upon its promises and put faith in them. But it should also serve as a period of reckoning with ourselves—casting up our moral accounts, so to speak—striking a balance between duties performed and duties left undone during the twelvemonth which has elapsed since the last Christmas. It is the most prominent day in the year, for many reasons, and should therefore be considered a resting-point in our lives, where we may pause for retrospection on the past and deliberate consideration for the future. It is a date which should terminate any period of ill-doing and of folly, and should mark the commencement of a period of well-doing and of discretion. There is a glory in "beginning to be good;" and let Christmas add it to the other and higher glories which are all so specially its own.

He who receives a "good turn" should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

SIGHS AND LAUGHTER.

BY W. M. PRAED.

Our love was like most other loves:
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's hair,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted: months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter.
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers:
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"I don't think it worth while at all," said Mrs. Lamberton. "It is a great waste of money, and, besides, does them no real good."

"Very true," remarked Mr. Lamberton. "Thousands of dollars are spent at Christmas for one trumpery thing and another that might be far more usefully employed. I never liked the system. It does children, as you say, no good."

"How much did we spend on last Christmas for drums, horses and dogs, and the dear knows what all?"

"Oh, don't ask me! More than I like to count up. And it was all a sheer waste. If the money had been given to the poor, there would have been some satisfaction in thinking about it. But now there is none."

"Well, I'm not in favor of spending a single cent for toys and such like things."

"Give them all fifty cents or so a piece and they'll be happy enough," said the father; "and then we'll have no crying over broken dolls' heads, cripple wagons or legless horses."

"Harry will be dreadfully disappointed, I'm afraid," remarked the mother, already half relenting. "He has done little else all day but talk about what Kriss Kringle will put in his stocking to-night. And Anna will cry her eyes out if she doesn't get a new doll."

"A little crying isn't going to hurt them; and I'll guarantee to dry all tears with a half dollar."

Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel were silent auditors of this little conversation. Just then the lights were brought into the room, and Annie, Harry and Charlie came bounding in with them as wild and playful as young fawns. They had been looking forward to Christmas for can't tell how long, and now that it was only one day off they could hardly contain themselves.

"Oh, papa, to-morrow's Christmas!" cried Charley, climbing upon his knee. "To-morrow's Christmas! And won't Kriss Kringle bring me the nice things I want—a horse, and a sword, and a wheelbarrow, and a whole heap of sugar plums."

"I'm afraid Kriss won't come this year," returned Mr. Lamberton, wishing to take the edge off of Charley's disappointment.

"Oh, yes, he will!" spoke up Anna and Harry, quickly. "And he'll bring me," said the latter, "a gun and a sword; and then won't I fight the Mexicans? Bang! boom! bang!"

"And he'll bring me the dearest wax doll!" said Anna, "with curly hair, and eyes that open and shut just as if it was alive! Oh, won't it be nice?"

"Don't be too certain, Anna," said the father; "Kriss Kringle don't come every year."

"Oh, yes, he does! Yes, he does!" answered two or three little voices at once. "He came last Christmas, and the Christmas before," added Anna; "and he'll be here this year; I know he will."

"But suppose he shouldn't come?" suggested Mr. Lamberton, and he looked very grave.

There was something so serious in their father's voice that the children felt that his words really meant more than they had at first believed, and the faces became sober also. Just then the tea-bell rung, and all thoughts of toys and dolls were for the moment dissipated. After supper the children were washed and dressed in their night-clothes. Each hung a stocking in the chimney corner, ready for the advent of the good genius who loves children, and then yielded to the oft-repeated solicitation of Margaret, the nurse, to "come along and go to bed."

"I must say my prayers first," lisped dear little Charley, running up to his mother and kneeling down before her.

"Our Father," said the mother, in low, serious voice.

"Won't Kriss fill my stockings full, mother?"

"But you are saying your prayers now. You mustn't think of toys, Charley. Our Father."

"Our Father," came musically from the sweet lips of the child.

"Who art in Heaven."

"Oh, I hope he'll bring me a whole pile of wagons, and dogs, and horses!" And Charley clapped his hands with delight.

"H-u-s-h, dear! You mustn't think about toys now. Who art in Heaven."

"Our Father, who art in Heaven," softly murmured the child.

"Hallowed be Thy——"

"Won't good old Krissy come, mother?"

"Charley must say his prayers good if he wants the dear angels to stay with him while he is asleep. Come, love. Now don't think any more about toys and sugar-plums. Hallowed be Thy name."

But it was no use. Charley couldn't say his prayers. His head was too full of Christmas. Harry met with but little better success; and Anna, after she had been in bed five minutes, remembered her neglect on this score, and kneeling under the clothes piously lifted her thoughts to Heaven."

Ere this scene closed Mr. Lamberton had half repented his resolution, and the mother of these three dear little ones felt her heart almost too weak to carry out her purpose.

"I declare," said the former, "I'm afraid it will be felt as too serious a disappointment."

"And so am I," returned the latter.

"It is such a useless waste of money."

"I know it is."

"Besides, it does children no real good. In fact, as far as my observation goes, it does them harm.

In this Mrs. Lamberton agreed.

"Then," said her husband, "will it not be a mere weakness on our part if we follow the old custom this year, and not a true regard for our children?"

"I suppose so."

"Will we be acting right, then ?"

"Perhaps; but it will be such a disappointment."

"No doubt of that. But a light one compared to what they will have to suffer in after life. The fact is, a trial like this will help to prepare them for the severer ones to come in the future."

Thus arguing the question, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton finally came back to their original determination, which was to dispense with the usual "nonsense" of toys, that would be broken or thrown aside in an hour, and heal the wounded hearts occasioned thereby with a generous distribution of a few half dollars. This would be a saving, and, I am afraid, the economy of the new order of things was, in reality, its highest recommendation.

Bedtime at last came, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton retired for the night, leaving the expectant stockings hanging empty in the chimney-corner.

Hours went by after the mother's head rested upon its pillow before sleep came. And then she dreamed that it was Christmas morning, and that the children's stockings were filled, and that they were filled with delight. Charley was on her knee, driving his wagons, and dogs, and horses. Harry was marching about the room with his sword and drum, and Anna was hugging in her arms a wax-doll with as much delight as a young mother ever felt in clasping to her bosom her newborn babe.

A noise, which seemed to come from overhead, where Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel slept, awoke Mrs. Lamberton from this dream. She started up and listened, but all was silent.

The mother slept again. But this time her dreams were less pleasant. Christmas morning had come, but it brought no joy to the expectant children. Their stockings were empty, and their hearts well nigh broken.

Sleep passed once more from her eyelids, and, though it was long before the approach of dawn, the gentle visitant came not again to her pillow.

And long ere the morning broke Mr. Lamberton found himself awake, and thinking of the children.

"They will be so disappointed," sighed the mother, when she found that her husband's slumber was likewise broken.

"Is there nothing we can put into their stockings ?" asked the father, thus indicating the state of his mind.

"I've been thinking of that; but there isn't a thing in the house that would do. I'm sorry we hadn't bought them something."

"We can do so still. I will go out directly after breakfast and buy them lots of things," said Mr. Lamberton.

"The mischief will all be done long enough before breakfast. The disappointment of their eager hopes—the scattering of their delightful dreams—will almost break their hearts. Dear little Charley! He couldn't say his prayers last night for thinking of his well-filled stocking. Ah, me! We have done wrong —I feel it."

"Suppose I put half a dollar in each of their stockings ?"

"You can do so, if you like. But it won't satisfy them."

Unstemmed what to do, or, rather, seeing no mode whatever of remedying their error, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton lay awaiting the approach of day, yet dreading to see the dark curtain that was drawn close about the eastern horizon begin to lift itself up. But, at length, morning broke, and a dim, pale light began to steal in at the window, showing first one object and then another, until all in the room became clearly visible.

In expectation of trouble with the disappointed children, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton left their bed and commenced dressing themselves hurriedly, in order to be prepared to meet and offer the little comfort that was in their power to give. Soon there was a sound in the room above where the children all slept with the nurse. Their pattering feet were heard upon the stairs, and, anon, the door of the adjoining room was burst open. All was then still for a few moments. Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton listened with oppressed feelings. There was a low exclamation from one of the children that sounded like a sob. Following this was a sudden burst of joy, and wild shouts of

"Kriss has come! Kriss has come! Oh! mother! mother! father! Kriss has come!"

Mr. Lamberton sprung to the door and threw it quickly open. His surprise and delight were scarcely less than that felt by the children. Sure enough! Kriss Kringle was there, sitting close within the fire-place, well loaded with toys, his pipe in his mouth, and his merry face turned toward the shouting children. The father and mother paused in wonder. Daylight came in, still but faintly, through the half-closed shutters, and gave to the figure of Kriss the very air and expression of life.

Some moments passed before they could really convince themselves that it was not a breathing figure, but one cunningly wrought by the hand of man, which was before them.

Soon the children, at first disposed to look on from a distance, began gradually to approach. Harry laid violent hands upon a wagon, and Anna seized upon a beautiful wax doll. Charley, last to overcome his doubts as to whether Kriss was really alive or not, came up cautiously, and, while his eyes were fixed upon the laughing face of the figure, he withdrew from its hand a stocking crowded to overflowing with toys.

The good genius had forgotten no one in the house. There was a beautiful scarf stowed away in his pocket for father, and a handsome card-case for mother. Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel, too, were remembered. Even Betty and Margaret had something, and there was no end to the toys and sugar-plums contained in pack and pockets for the children.

But, the mystery was, who had prepared this delightful surprise, coming as it did so opportunely, and obrrecting in such a good-natured way the error of Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton ? It was Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel, of course, who had been up nearly all night in order to have everything ready; though they never clearly owned to the fact.

CHRISTMAS coming just as winter has commenced his icy reign, the inner warmth, and glow, and comfort make a deeper impression on the soul, moving it to thankfulness and rejoicing; and branches and wreaths of evergreen form a more fitting decoration in honor of our Saviour's birth than all the wealth of tropical flowers, which blossom only to wither and perish in an hour.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor, SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive one to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of various articles, and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' wear. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

☞ BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandize, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, or, payment of postage in the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, by affording a cheap distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, boots, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, books, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

ELLA.—As there was no engagement you should treat him as a mere acquaintance, and nothing more, when next you meet.

F. J. SMITH.—Goethe was one of the most distinguished of German *literateurs*. Faust is considered his greatest work. Goethe died at Weimar, in 1832.

J. K.—Walnut juice for dyeing the complexion a dark brown, is obtained by boiling a quantity of walnuts (with their husks) in water, with half a dozen nut-galls.

Y. M. T.—The word "conversazione" is an Italian word, meaning a meeting for conversation, particularly on literary matter. It is pronounced as if spelt "kon-ver-sat-ze-o-nee."

HOOSIER.—The State of Pennsylvania comprises 46,000 square miles, and has more than 4,500 miles of railroad, with as many more in course of construction and in contemplation.

G. M.—We have no advice to offer you on the question of proceeding between young people and other people. That question had better remain undecided until you have acquired sufficient judgment and courage to decide it for yourself.

R. J. H.—All degrees of cousins may lawfully marry, and there are no valid objections on the score of consanguinity to second cousins marrying. It is an error to suppose that second cousins cannot legally marry while first cousins may." Where did you hear that ?

W. C. O. (Kinderhook.)—You might have your initials, in block letters (the style usually engraved on the inside of the ring thus, "W. A. C. to A. M. J." (or whatever may be the initials.) The law of engagement in this country is by some persons worn on the first finger of the left hand.

M. M.—It all depends upon what time of the evening it was when the gentleman accompanied you home, as to whether you were justified for you to invite him in. Simply to thank him for his kindness is all that etiquette requires; but if the hour be early, and the gentleman not old acquaintance, there would be no impropriety in inviting him in.

SIXTEEN.—To take away the redness and roughness of your hands which annoys you, try the following: Half an ounce of powdered borax, one ounce of pure glycerine, and one quart of camphor water; mix well together, and wet the hands night and morning. Rub it in to dry upon them, before rinsing off. Use soft water, and instead of soap, Indian meal to wash the hands.

THALES.—We are very sorry for you, but are afraid that we cannot help you in the matter. The lady has evidently changed her mind, or is gradually doing so, and you should congratulate yourself that this change has been effected before you married rather than afterwards. Don't give up all hope yet, however, and insist upon having an explanation. Your writing and composition are both very good.

F. H. S.—A lady's instinct can usually inform her whether her hand is sought in marriage for her fortune or personal charms. That all depends upon this one of money as a matrimonial consideration is the most difficult to handle. All we can say is that to marry simply for a fortune is not the best policy. Where there is one who has paid off their debts by this process do not look well when closely investigated; and then, even after the debts are paid off, there still remains the question with, who will never forget the boon she has conferred.

A. P. M. wishes to know the origin of the phrase "A Roland for an Oliver." Roland and Oliver were two of the most famous of the peers and paladins of Charlemagne's Court. According to Pulci, they, with other French warriors, were decoyed into the Pass of Roncesvalles and there, after performing prodigies of valor, lost their lives. Their feats and exploits were so extravagantly magnified and extolled by the old poets and romancers, that to give "A Roland for an Oliver," became a proverbial expression for the matching of one incredible or ridiculous story with one another.

E. M. (Chester.)—Bad breath is due usually to ill health, decaying teeth or a foul mouth. A very excellent mixture for a preparation for sweetening the mouth and breath is: Myrrh, one, 12 grains; cinnamon, 60 grains; ginger, 4 drachms; spirit of wine, 1 pint; oil of orange peel, 12 drops; otto of roses, 3 drops; essence of peppermint, 1/2 ounce; tincture of cochineal, 1 ounce.

DEBBIE.—I have read your kind answers to letters seeking advice upon all subjects, and I want you to advise me upon a little matter. I met a gentleman who was visiting a friend of mine; I danced only once with him, but was well pleased with him. He made me promise, on the receipt of his photograph to send him mine, which I did. He lives about two hundred miles away from where I live. My friends tell me that he is a most exemplary young man, and every one speaks of him in the very highest terms. Now, what I want you to tell me is, Did I do wrong in sending him my photograph ?" We must say you were a little more prompt in consenting to an exchange of photographs than it usually considered right. You are correct in as he is such a good and exemplary young man, let us hope that no harm will come of it.

HENRY H. C.—There would be no earthly harm in your giving the gentleman a Christmas present, under all the circumstances, and as he is fond of reading, a book, as you suggest, will be a very suitable present. If you wish us to select one for you we will be glad to get you a particular, we shall be happy to do so and forward it to your address, on your sending us the amount you wish to pay for it. As for your writing is very fair considering the disadvantages under which you have labored, and still labor. The spelling is what you are most deficient in, and in writing. You should always, in speaking of yourself, use a capital "I," and not a small "i." We think that a little steady practise and care would very soon remedy these little defects, and we shall be glad to hear from you again.

X. Y. Z.—It is a bad plan to place unreserved confidence in man or woman. Never tell any one everything about yourself—let there be a little mystery and reserve: your friends will like you all the better for it. A book that you "know by heart" must inevitably be cast aside for a fresh volume; so you will be served if you allow yourself to be thoroughly read. But be prepared, in any emergency, to look your own life and acts squarely in the face without wincing, or mark yourself as coward. It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and fritteriug of power are desired; but if gossip must busy itself over your name, do not be aggrieved if a grain of truth is spread over a dozen lies. Pass them by in silence, and do not even then forget your habitual reverence. Justice will be done you in time, never fear, and the less you clamor for it the better. Don't talk too much.

SIGMA.—A lady and gentleman can see each other too often after they are engaged, and whether it would be improper for him to go to her house every evening and stay till ten o'clock, I am more than we can decide, no general answer would meet such a case. These are questions which can only be settled in every individual instance by the lady or her friends. It is a very delicate matter to draw the rules for the behavior of an "engaged couple." That of the gentleman should be gallant and full of affection; that of the lady to obtain due decorum in public; there are delicate and minute attentions which the lady can always understand without telling. Perhaps the slightest approach to familiarity should be avoided, and the lover's demeanor should show the respect which he entertains for his future wife.

ALICE.—You almost take our breath away, first by your strict of questions, and secondly by the idea of your having a lover, and talking so seriously about engagement rings, etc., and you only fourteen years of age ! 2. A plain gold ring will answer every purpose for an engagement ring, though it rarely happens that any young lady will refuse a diamond ring. 3. Treat the young man naturally and coldly, and he will very soon take the hint and cease troubling you. 4. If you have taste, the millinery business is one of the best for a lady. 5. It is better to let him know the truth before rather than after marriage. 6. Yes, on a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year a couple may venture to start in married life, provided they are content to live economically. 7. We don't believe in such stupid nonsense as handkerchief flirtations. There is nothing like the good old fashioned way of courting. 8. Lastly, your handwriting is capable of improvement. You should take more pains.

CENTENNIAL.—I would be much obliged if you would give me the dimensions of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, London, and if you can, tell me what is the largest number of persons that ever visited it in one day. We have been having a talk about it, with reference to our coming Centennial, and none of us could tell." The main building of the Crystal Palace consists of a grand central nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, two transepts, and two wings. Above the level of the main floor it is constructed entirely of iron and glass, with the exception of the ends of the western section, which is panelled with wood. The whole length of the main building of the Crystal Palace is 1,608 feet, and the width 384 feet each, making a total length of 2,755 feet, which, with the 720 feet in the colonnade leading from the main building to the wings, gives a total length of 3,475 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile, covered with a transparent roof of glass. The greatest number of persons that ever visited it in one day was 110,000 persons, while 50,956 people were not only admitted, but also fed on that day by the refreshment department.

EMMA F. G.—The reason why the initials N. P. always follow the name of Nassau, which have so puzzled you, is that Nassau is the capital of New Providence, the principal of the Bahama Islands, and N. P. stands for New Providence. A "consolidated" as quoted in the British Government finances is a contraction for "Consolidated Annuities. In incurring the national debt, the British Government borrowed money at different times on special conditions, being generally the payment of an annuity of so much per cent. on each sum borrowed. Great confusion arose from the variety of rates first created, and it was thought expedient to strike an average of their value, and consolidate them into one fund, kept in the possession of the Bank of England. The Consolidation Annuities' Act was passed in 1757. 3. We thank you for the poem, which you say "may exemplify the experience of some of our fair sex." Of course, we are bound to believe you, when you assure us that it has not been your own individual experience. It is just as well you told us, or we might have very naturally inferred that you were sending us your own experience.

JOSIE says she is in a dilemma and wants us to help her out of it. Her story is that she has been for some time receiving attentions from a young man, and I am now engaged to him. He is unexceptionable in every respect but one thing, and this is what troubles me. Although he is not in independent circumstances by any manner of means, he will not enter into any steady business, and says he does not like any kind of work whatever. Now what shall I do ? I love him, and have promised to marry him, but would it be wise for me to do so, under the circumstances ? Would there be any harm in postponing the marriage ? Do please advise me, and help me out of my troubles." Postpone the marriage, by all means, until such time as the gentleman becomes established in some steady business. If his love for you now does not incite him to work for you, you need never hope it will after you are married to him. Our advice to you is never to marry a lazy, shiftless man, even though you never marry at all. The latter condition is not as bad as some young girls may think it, a thousand times to be preferred to the former. If he continues to do nothing and to make no effort to do anything, perhaps, the most straightforward plan will be for you to tell him that you cannot under any consideration, consent to fulfilling the engagement until he has obtained a steady and lucrative business, and to make this a condition of the fulfillment of the engagement.

INQUIRER.—"I saw an engraving the other day of a picture called 'The Sistine Madonna,' and want to know why it is so called, and who was the painter." The Sistine Madonna is considered the greatest work of that greatest of painters, Raphael. "The Divine," as the countrymen call him. It was painted between 1508 and 1520, for the cloister of San Sisto, in Piacenza, hence its name. The Sistine Church where it remained unknown to the world for two hundred years. In 1712, the Crown Prince of Saxony, afterward Augustus III, while traveling in Italy, saw the picture and became so smitten with it possess it if possible; after the lapse of forty years, in 1753, through the mediation of the painter Gerhard Hamilton, it was sold for forty thousand Roman scudi, equivalent to about as many of our dollars, and placed it in the gallery at Dresden, where it has since remained. The canvas on which it is painted is oil, and is covered by a plate of glass. By connoisseurs this painting is considered the finest of the works of the old masters, and is pronounced to be of inestimable value. The central figure is the Virgin Mary. Kneeling at the right of the picture, her hands folded across her breast, is Saint Barbara; on the left Pope Sixtus II, who laid aside his crown in honor of the Queen of Heaven. The hands of this figure are wonderfully drawn, and are the admiration and despair of students of art. At the Madonna's feet the earth is just visible though it does not seem necessary to her support. Her mantle is blue with a little red, the tunic and arm is clothed in red, the veil is dark russet. Saint Barbara's dress is black and green, with a mixture of blue and yellow on the sleeves. The colors of the shrubs are red, brown and green. The robe of Sixtus is yellow. Engravings and photographs of this wonderful painting are found alike in Protestant and Catholic families, throughout the civilized world.

MISCELLANEOUS.—C. W.—We can make no use of the matter you have sent, for which, therefore, we return you stamps.—Your ailment arises from indigestion. You should live abstemiously. T. H.—There is no way of teaching you vocal language. It is a natural gift. E. P.—Your poem dealt will also continue dumb all his life. But a person may be born dumb without also proving deaf. P. F.—Your letter was received in June, 1845. He was born on May 13th, 1792. LAURA S.—We have no recollection whatever of the dates you refer to. M. E. M.—We shall be happy to receive any of the productions of your pen. B. L. D.—We cannot recommend you anything to remove the superfluous hair beyond shaving. Try a little pumice stone. L.—In directing the letter to the youth of fifteen, put "Master ——." E. A. S.—Columbus made his first landing on American soil at San Salvador, December 12th, 1492. ——.—If it is the gentleman's place, most undoubtedly, to ask the lady for her picture, and not *vice versa*. Ben.—We are sorry we do not know of any work covering the subject to which you allude. CECIL.—A copyright costs fifty cents, and a patent, thirty-five dollars. H. C. S.—The paper suspended publication some years ago. ——.—We know nothing of the party. Consult a regular physician for such ailments. JESSIE MC. CAVEY.—Your letter was duly received. ——. L.—The gentleman should offer the arm nearest the wall, but it is not requisite that you should be always changing arms so as to accomplish this privilege. ——.—Plenty of outdoor exercise and bodily exertion not only prevent a redundancy of flesh, but are beneficial to general health. B. R. (Pittsburgh).—It depends entirely on the relations existing between the gentleman and yourself. Not knowing these we cannot advise you. F. L.—Squinting can be cured, but it is necessary to undergo an operation for it. Apply at some Ophthalmic hospital. J. D. F.—No true lady would bow to a gentleman who has never been introduced to her.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*